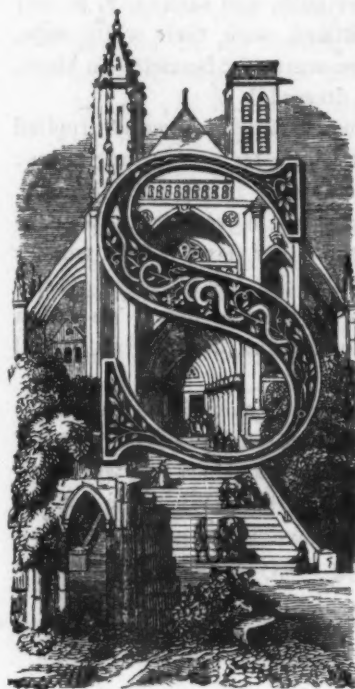


# ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1845.

## NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.



HE was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree, that overhung a very ancient well ; and, as the water fell into her pitcher, she was mingling with its music the tones of her "Jew's harp,"—the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of "sweet seventeen ;" a rustic belle as well as a rustic

beauty, and a terrible "coquette ;" and as she had what, in Scotland, they call a "tocher,"—in England, a "dowry," and in Ireland, "a pretty penny o' money," it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had—a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was certainly given *in alto*—was, or was not, designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say ; but her lips and fingers had not been long occupied, before her lover was at her side.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said, somewhat abruptly ; "look, 't would be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years ; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint ! that would n't be the way with us. It's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and——"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover—her lip curled with a half-playful half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and pushing the curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving, but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice broken by emotion; "I'm yer equal, as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve *you*, for all that; only, I can't help saying that, when we love each other (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again), and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just out of *divilment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for——"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "It's *my* mother ye're talking of and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did you ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ask yer pardon, my own Norah," he replied, meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not?—and I'm not going to gainsay but yer mother——"

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o'

thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think; since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and do n't laugh."

It is a fact, universally known and credited in the good barony of Bargy that Morris Donovan possessed an honest, sincere, and affectionate heart—brave as a lion, and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and, better even than that, he was the beau—the Magnus Apollo, of the parish;—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the house-keeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dress-maker) were regularly and desperately in love with: still, I must confess, he was, at times, a little stupid;—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention,—would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get *peaceably* out of one. No wonder, then, that, where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye;—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken, or a plundered nest; then dancing on the top of a hayrick, to the music of her own cheering voice;—now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her henpecked father. Let no one suppose that I have over drawn the sketch of my Bannow lass—for, although her native barony is that of Bargy, the two may be considered as wedded and become one. The portraits appended to this story are, at least, veritable, and "from the life." You will encounter such, and such only, in our district—neatly attired, with their white caps, when the day is too warm for bonnets—in short, altogether "well dressed."

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid, at last, after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he had n't more sense! Sure! mother was the man;—but I've got a wise thought.—Good night, dear Morris; good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross "as a bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she, addressing herself to



her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney-corner smoking his *dooden*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little good of a husband, *larring* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The spouse nodded. "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question!" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable-door's fastened."—Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms, ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah. "That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it is n't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for pace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; but—As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him; and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk all in a minute.—I'm afraid even the priest'll get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass, "sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes,— "if that took place, it's *you* that would have yer own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!" and, pleased with the idea of "tricking" his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay a

while—stay, asy, asy!" he recommenced; "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now—so there's no speaking with him;—he's no way quick, either—we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a *sudden*."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "only pluck up a spirit, and, whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all yer heart, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker kish, and, on the top of the pile, rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser; and, on a small round table, a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaugy *snipeens*," she replied; "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for;—Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning; "and that stick wid a hook, of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow, with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary, jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself shall come into this house," replied Clary: "he's not to my liking any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury "birdeens," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment, aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities; "How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane that nothing touched by Morris

Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! and dare you to say that to my face, to a child o' mine? You will—will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what *you* never had the heart to be yet, ye poor old snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until, at last, the farmer's help-mate *swore*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy

and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary; for her "wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love "runs smooth," it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country), to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew, and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom), too well, not to aid their merry jest.





What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and "sheepish;" and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, "Carry me out! by the powers, she's beat! we've won the day!—ould Ireland forever! Success, boys! she's beat—she's beat!"—The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the

bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "wise thought."

[NOTE.—In giving the beautiful plate of Norah Clary this month, we felt that we could accompany it with nothing half so good in the way of description as Mrs. Hall's admirable story which it illustrates. And in giving the story, we thought it but right that the other embellishments that belong to it should not be omitted. These, with the rich initial letter, will give our readers some idea of the style in which the fine edition of "Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character," now in the course of publication, is got up. The steel plate has been engraved expressly for our magazine, but will make one of the illustrations of Mrs. Hall's work now publishing.—ED.]

For Arthur's Magazine

INVOCATION TO THE DEITY.

BY DUDLEY B. TINKER.



H God! I humbly,  
lowly bend  
My untaught—trem-  
bling knee,  
And from thy footstool  
upward send  
My spirit unto thee.

Oh, Father!—Thou art  
light and love,  
And I—a wayward  
child,

Come, teach me lessons from above,  
And make me reconciled.

Omnipotent, and wise, and just,  
With tender mercies sure—  
Direct my soul to place her trust  
In Thee—and rest secure.

In thee alone, a calm repose  
Of midnight's holy hour  
O'er-shadows every heart that knows  
And feels, Thy sovereign power.

Teach me to yield my inmost soul  
And every thought to Thee;

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That, walking 'neath Thy sweet control  
My spirit shall be free.

God of the widow and the weak,  
The orphan and opprest;  
Peace to their troubled spirits speak,  
And guide them to Thy rest.

Oh! guide them where green pastures grow  
By softly murmuring rill;  
Wipe off their burning tears of wo,  
And bid them—"Peace, be still."

I feel, oh Father!—that Thy power  
Alone can guide me right;  
On Thee I lean at noon-day hour  
And through the solemn night.

Oh! guard my goings forth each day  
That Thou hast given me here;  
Light up my path with wisdom's ray,  
And make my footsteps clear.

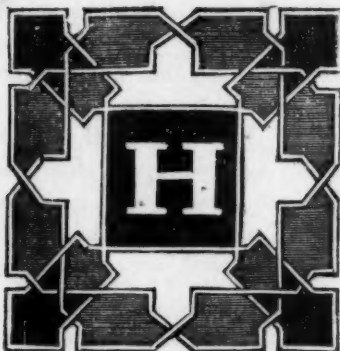
And when on midnight-couch is flung  
My weary, toil-worn frame,  
Teach Thou my spirit's stammering tongue  
To lisp Thy holy name.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## HELEN RAYMOND:

OR, MARRYING TO BE SUPPORTED.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.



ELEN, you are acting from an impulse that will end in the breaking of your heart," said Margaret Kelly, in an earnest tone, to the young and beautiful girl who sat beside her.

"Nonsense," replied Helen Raymond; "I'm no believer in broken hearts. In fact, I have no heart to break: you know I have yielded every atom of mine up to my old beau. O, I'll be an old man's darling; yes, I'll be an old man's darling," she half sung, half spoke, rising lightly from her seat and waltzing around the parlor to prevent Margaret from saying things she did not wish to hear.

"Won't you listen to me now, Helen?" asked Margaret, following with her eyes the light figure of her friend; "in another week, perhaps, I dare not be frank with you; oh! Helen, for our friendship's sake hear me now!"

Helen paused in her graceful motions, and looked at her friend, while a shade of tenderness passed over her face. Then she approached her, and bending, passed one arm around her neck and kissed her. Margaret would have drawn her on to the sofa at her side, but Helen slightly shook her head, and withdrew her arm, saying, "No, no, dear! I won't listen to any lectures. I know what you will say. I intend to be perfectly wilful until next Wednesday, when the grave and reverend seigneur, Mr. Holden, Esq. will take me for his better half.

"Oh! I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower," she sung again. A keen observer would have

detected in her quick tones and the *very* slight tremulousness of her voice, that her gaiety was affected. Helen's mother was a widow, and poor also. But, from quite an early period, Helen, who was the eldest child, and extremely beautiful, had found a home with a widower uncle. He lived in affluence, and Helen had been fashionably educated. She was familiar with Italian and French, and played elegantly on both the harp and piano. She was now seventeen, and one of New York's loveliest daughters. For two or three years it had been her charge to oversee her uncle's domestic affairs. The truth is, he had given her a home only for his own sake, that she might minister to his comfort. But a change came to Helen; a change fraught with suffering and bitterness. Like the generality of widowers, Mr. Raymond fell in love again, and the object of his attachment was a widow, with sharp black eyes, a sharp nose, and all the sharp qualities belonging to such a physiognomy. After her engagement to Mr. Raymond, this said widow secretly resolved to have Helen dismissed from her uncle's care. She insinuated, once in a while, in the softest and sweetest manner possible, that she did n't know how it was, but she was so independent. It had been her characteristic from a child; she never allowed any one to interfere with her rights, especially family rights. These pleasant insinuations were not lost upon the enamoured widower. He thought of Helen's position in his family, but did not dream his lady-love referred to her, because they were unacquainted with each other, and, to his knowledge, the widow was unconscious of the existence of his niece. But he was most decidedly mistaken; that bewitching creature knew the state of all his affairs perfectly well; how much money he was worth, how many servants he had, how

much was expended on Helen's accomplishments, (for she still took lessons), and the cost of his furniture. Lovely, thoughtful widow, how she reached into the far future! How she saw herself presiding over that splendid mansion, giving her elegant parties, and smiling with winning condescension on guests who were her superiors! Oh! how she luxuriated in her reveries. How in imagination she saw Helen Raymond quit for ever her uncle's roof, after the bride came. Yes, all this she saw, that pleasant, smiling woman; all this she was determined on, and all this she accomplished. Oh! what is the heart made of when it bends to things so base—and a *woman's* heart, too! Cold and selfish, how it wraps itself alone in its darkness—how its poison is silently but surely doing its work—how its air of living death taints the atmosphere, and blights young flowers that glow on the altar of love!

About a month before Mr. Raymond's marriage, Helen was told that a home could not be afforded her beneath her uncle's roof, after the wedding-day. No conversation had passed between Mr. Raymond and the widow, in which Helen's name was mentioned, or in which she was *directly* referred to; but her uncle seemed to have an intuitive perception that his bride elect would not permit the poor girl's stay. He himself needed her no longer, therefore, *he* did not care. So she was to be sent forth, to earn her bread, or provide for herself, as she otherwise might. She had been accustomed to every luxury, and this stroke fell upon her with an appalling weight. She shrunk from depending on herself—from being alone in the world with none to cheer and protect her. Her affections had been severed from her early home, and she did not ask herself if duty demanded that she should share the poverty of her little brothers and sisters, or lighten the hard trials of her mother. She had dazzled among the brilliant, and enjoyed the pleasures of refined society. She had been caressed, and had depended entirely on others. It was a hard task now to trust to her single arm, for she did not look above for strength. In her sadness she did not try to think and feel that all was ordered right—that even the unkindness of others might benefit her heart, if she were willing to struggle forward unshrinkingly, and perform the hard duties which that unkindness imposed. Oh! how much easier it is to *know* how to do, than to do. Helen Raymond was not in doubt as to her duty; she knew right well that her varied accomplishments might support her comfortably, and also aid her mother. But she had not the moral courage, the strength of mind to do, and

to do firmly. There was a spice of vanity in her composition, for we cannot call that pride which prefers fashionable dress and dependence to self-relying effort. Two weeks before the wedding was to take place, Helen was alone in her chamber; she was seated on a low stool, at the foot of her bed, with her face half buried in the bedclothes. She was weeping; and with that hopelessness so painful to witness in the young. "I cannot earn my living; I cannot!" she said, and then she wept yet more passionately. "Oh! if something would happen to save me!" She felt the warm color come in her face as she thought of what that *something* must be, and she half scorned herself for her mercenary feelings. She thought of marriage, and, like too many, she thought of it only as a means to rescue her from an unpleasant situation. She was young and inexperienced, and did not dream that a marriage, unless a perfectly happy one, was a thousand times worse than a state of constant toil and single blessedness. She did not think of its holiness, its responsibility, its many trials. While she was wrapt in her reveries, a servant knocked at her door, and informed her that her Italian teacher was waiting for her in the parlor.

"Tell him I will come down as soon as possible," she said, rising quickly, from her seat, and laving her face in cold water, to remove traces of her tears. Then she stood before her mirror, and after smoothing her hair, carelessly twined a pale rose-bud among her ringlets. Her agitation had given her a color; she dwelt for a moment on her matchless beauty, then sighed heavily, and bent her eyes down in thought. But she raised them again to look in her glass, and train a curl to fall with more negligent grace.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I'll have him if he offers again to-day; what can I do that will be better?"

With a faintness at her heart, and a cheek in which the color came and fled again, Helen descended to the parlor. She paused a moment at the door, and the deep dye of shame crimsoned her brow and temples. She covered her face with her hands involuntarily, and half resolved to go back and send word that she could not come—but she heard her uncle's step on the stairs, and she opened the door and entered. A tall man, past fifty, advanced with a gentle manly air, and said, with a kind of dignified playfulness, "Well, Miss Helen, I am here to-day to give you a lesson, spite of your cruel treatment of me the last time."

Helen's eyes drooped, and she made no reply



as she was led to a seat. Mr. Holden was an Englishman by birth; his countenance was mild, although expressive of great determination. He was a man of extensive learning, and there was a certain fascination in his manner when he tried to please. He had been a great traveller, and had devoted many years to study in foreign countries. He was a bachelor, possessed of a competency; but he employed some of his leisure hours in giving lessons in the several languages he understood. He thought himself a great observer of men and things, and, perhaps, in some respects, he was. Above all things, he prided himself on his intricate knowledge of woman's nature, which, like bachelors generally, he knew nothing about. His views were peculiar on the subject. The softer sex were regarded by him as *very soft*—yielding enough to have no will but their husbands'—and no delight but cooking for them from morning till night.

Of these sentiments Helen was not aware. If she had been, perhaps at the close of her lesson she would not have been the betrothed wife of Mr. Holden. She had plighted her faith to a man three times her own age. True, she regarded him as being noble, benevolent in his feelings, and mild in his temper. But when the irrevocable word had passed her lips, a sudden thrill of fearful foreboding shot across her heart—a deeper, sterner sadness settled upon her soul, although it wrought no change in her manner. She felt, that with all her weakness she possessed deep feeling—that if the young heart, now a sacrifice, had been placed in kindlier circumstances, it might have been valued at its worth. For the first time she felt the total uncongeniality existing between herself and Mr. Holden. It came upon her with a vivid suddenness that surprised her. She felt as if there was a gulf between their hearts—that she could never admit him into the sanctuary of her deepest and purest feelings—these thoughts lasted but a moment; they did not cause her to waver in her resolution. How strange the infatuation that leads a person to follow the road to sure unhappiness, when energy and firmness might save from danger. Mr. Holden knew Helen's situation, and he proposed that their marriage should take place on the same day with Mr. Raymond's, which would be in two weeks. Helen consented.

Until the evening that Margaret Kelly called on her, Helen had been very sad. In vain she tried to throw off her depressed feelings; in vain she jested more lightly than ever—to others she appeared gay, but the weight upon her bosom was not lessened. She looked forward to her

marriage with emotions far from pleasurable. Then why not escape while there was yet time? Because she had yielded herself up to discouraging thoughts, in the first place, and now she was their slave. It seemed a greater impossibility than ever to exert herself. She had set idly down, and regarded only the dark side of the picture, without an effort to brighten it, and the effect was, that the little energy she once possessed was gone. Helen was no uncommon character; we see persons of the same cast every day. She was kind and gentle, and warm-hearted, naturally, and had she been guided aright by a *mother*, with a home, and a dear home, to keep sacred her young feelings, what might she not have been? Good principles had not been implanted in her bosom when a child. No fond mother had taken her by the hand, and nightly listened to her evening prayer. Although Helen had apparently paid no heed to the words of Margaret Kelly, yet when she gained her chamber that night, she repeated them over, and they sunk heavily upon her heart. She was alone, and it was near midnight. Oh! what thoughts and memories and remorseful feelings will not the still hours of night bring up? Then there are no external circumstances to busy us; there are none to look into the depths of our souls, save God—and then, no doubt, fervent prayers are often poured forth, which daylight never sees repeated. Alas! that it should be so. Helen, too, knelt and prayed, and wept under the influence of better feelings—then she rose, and with an unsteady hand drew forth from a drawer a sheet of paper, and wrote—a recantation of her promise to Mr. Holden. She laid the note on her table, and, after extinguishing the light, sought her pillow to sleep, and to sleep soundly, after the exhaustion of her feelings.

When she arose in the morning she forgot the note she had written, entirely. After a while, her eyes fell upon it accidentally; she opened it and read it with feelings very different from those which had caused her to pen it. She was a creature of impulse. That wild, fervent glow was now gone. She half wondered that she had been so strangely moved; those strong emotions had swept over her, then they had slowly passed away, leaving her in a state of comparative apathy. She began to view the subject again in its previous light; she thought over all the difficulties and troubles she would meet with, if left to take care of herself. She thought of fashionable friends, who would not recognise her, if she labored for her own support; and, more than all, she thought of the continued and daily toil, which was little in agreement with

her natural love of ease. Once more the letter was read, then it was slowly torn in pieces, and consigned to a corner of her work-basket.

Helen's bridal day came, and it was a day of unclouded beauty. Mr. Raymond and his lady were married early in the morning, and had started for Saratoga, before Helen, who was suffering from a headache, and doubtless a heart-ache, too, had left her room. Margaret Kelly had refused to be her bridesmaid, and Helen knew her decided character too well to suppose she would change. This caused the poor, infatuated girl to weep more than once. Margaret had been her chosen friend from childhood; she was familiar with all her little secrets, and they had loved each other as young girls always love, without reserve. How many times had they sat together in girlish confidence, and pictured the future, *their* future, full of all that was bright and happy—shadowless and clear as their own hearts then were. Oh! is it any wonder that Helen bent her head and shed hot, bitter tears on her bridal day, as she saw her sweet, but imaginary dreams sink beneath the weight of reality—and yet she weakly said, "It is my destiny."

At the appointed hour, Helen stood before the altar, clad in a simple white dress, by the side of Mr. Holden. All was still and solemn as a funeral, when her pale lips pronounced the marriage vow. Not more than a dozen friends had assembled at the church to witness her marriage. Helen's eye glanced towards the little group quickly, to see if Margaret was there. But her friend was absent. Mr. Holden had furnished a comfortable house, and thither the little bridal party proceeded as soon as the ceremony was over. That long day how wearily it passed, as acquaintance after acquaintance called in to congratulate the newly married pair. Each time the door opened Helen looked up eagerly, in the hope of seeing her *friend's* dear face. But no; each time a shade of disappointment chased away that faint gleam of hope.

"Well, Mr. Holden," asked a gentleman, who sat by his side, "where are you going to take the bride, to-night; to the opera, the theatre, or where?"

"We shall stay at home," replied the groom; "I begin my married life as I intend to continue it."

The gentleman was silent, and looked rather embarrassed, after he had glanced at Mr. Holden, and observed his decided expression. Helen's eye flashed at this unexpected answer of her husband; it gave her a sudden insight into his character; the conviction that her freedom

would be restrained, broke painfully upon her. But more painful still came the reflection, that she could blame only herself. She had intended after her marriage, to spend the greater part of her time in company; but when she thought of being *alone*, alone in their new house, without the cheerful faces of friends around her, she could hardly restrain her tears. Her thoughts were diverted by being asked to play and sing. She complied readily, and her sweet voice had that low, plaintive tone, which only comes from the heart. The gentleman who had been so abruptly answered by Mr. Holden, stood near. He had regarded Helen with a feeling amounting almost to contempt, for he could not respect her motives in marrying as she did. He had thought her weak, cold, and calculating, but when her young voice trembled in the song, a tear started to his eye. Pity was mingled with his censure; and he wondered the more that one apparently possessed of so much feeling, should have desecrated the holiest emotions of the heart. But good and evil are often strangely blended in our bosoms, and it requires settled principles and a trust in Heaven, to have the good that is within us always guide our actions.

One evening at twilight, after Helen had been married a few months, she was sitting at the piano, singing. Her whole soul was in the music; every thing else was forgotten. She was for the time, perhaps, happy. Her husband had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was looking somewhat sternly out of the window. At length he approached her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. She started and turned around, saying, "Ah! I did n't hear you when you came in."

"I suppose not," he replied, in a mild tone; "the piano, I believe, prevents both your seeing and hearing. Helen, my dear, I wish you would give up playing; it is very disagreeable to me. I do not like music, and I do n't like to have my wife spend so much time in trifling."

Helen's countenance fell; she attempted to speak once, half angrily, but when she saw his calm look, the words died on her lips. She arose, and closed the lid of the piano, then sunk on a chair, and burst into tears.

"It will be a little trial to you at first, my dear," said Mr. Holden, very gently, "but you will not miss it after you have given it up awhile."

"Won't miss it," repeated Helen, looking up through her tears, "how can I help it, when it has been my dearest pleasure from a very child. I can't give it up, Mr. Holden; you do n't know how much you ask of me—I cannot."



"You do n't understand a wife's duties, yet, my dear. Married women should have nothing to do with music, and books, &c. Their business is to sew and attend to household matters. I presume, at this moment, you do n't know what Betty is doing in the kitchen."

Helen made no reply, but she slowly left the room, and descended to the basement with a heavy heart. The piano was her uncle's gift, when she was a child, and her pleasantest remembrances were mingled with it. It was the only thing that could make her *forget*: her young heart beat as it did of old, when she called forth its sweetest tones. Oh! it was most cruel to ask her to give it up! Mr. Holden was always very gentle, but he was icy cold, and selfish, and moderate. He wished Helen to forget her young, fresh feelings, and be like him. He knew she was most beautiful, and, therefore, it was his secret desire to keep her always at home, that she might not receive the admiration she invariably met with in company. Several of her young female friends had called on her. Helen at first returned a few calls, but Mr. Holden mildly insinuated, that he thought it was not profitable for ladies to visit much. The day after the conversation about the piano, the silence that reigned in Helen's parlor was broken by a knock at the door. She opened it, and Margaret Kelly stood before her. She had not seen her once since her marriage until now.

"Oh! Margaret, dear Margaret," she exclaimed, catching both her hands, and kissing her with almost childish eagerness, "God bless you for coming to see me! I am so lonely."

"Lonely! dear Helen," said Margaret, looking in her young, sad face, with a suddenly touched heart; "forgive me for not coming to see you before; it was wrong in me to stay away because I disapproved of your conduct. Do you forgive me? Oh! Helen, do n't cry!"

Poor Helen had not met with a friend before on whose bosom she might weep; and now she sobbed like a child, and clung to Margaret, whose tears fell as fast as her own. "I am foolish to weep, Margaret," she said, "but I have not seen you in so long a time; I feared you had given me up entirely. O come and see me often; every—" she paused, and leaned her head again upon Margaret's shoulder, without finishing the sentence. She remembered her husband's dislike to her receiving company, and she bent her face to hide the deep indignant flush that crossed it. She thought of her own rights, too, and she raised her head, and said earnestly,

"You will come often, Margaret, won't you?"

"As often as I can; but you must return my visits, for you have time enough to spare, now."

After an earnest conversation, Margaret said, "But come, Helen, play me a right merry tune, to remind us of old times." She rose and opened the piano. Helen hesitated a little, but finally took the seat her friend had made ready for her, and they played and sung for hours the old, familiar songs they had learned together when both were careless and light-hearted. They were performing a duett when Mr. Holden came in.

"Ah! Mr. Holden, how do you do?" exclaimed Margaret, looking around; "you see Helen and I are making your house very musical." She ran her fingers lightly over the keys, then started up and looked out of the window.

"Well, Helen, it is getting dark; I must go. Now, Mr. Holden," she continued, drawing her arm around Helen's waist, and walking deliberately up to him, "I am going to have your lady spend a whole day with me every week. I won't hear any objections, for I *will* have it so, won't I, Helen?"

Helen slightly smiled, but made no reply. Mr. Holden only bowed with a stately air. Margaret saw at a glance how matters stood, and her firm lip, half curved in scorn, as she gave Mr. Holden a look that showed rather too plainly what she thought of him.

"Helen, you know when I am determined on any thing I always accomplish it; so, remember, if you do n't come and see me every week, I shall come after you; good bye, dear," she said, drawing her arm closely around her young friend, and kissing her fondly. "I bid you good evening, Mr. Holden." She bowed with a formal air, then closed the door after her, and left the house.

"That Miss Kelly is your very intimate friend," remarked Mr. Holden, as soon as she had disappeared; "she certainly asks you to visit her with condescending grace; pray tell where she acquired her soft, lady-like manners?" I think I never saw them equalled; or perhaps I never observed her particularly before to-day."

"Her manners are what they should be," replied Helen, with a glowing cheek; "they are the index of her mind, frank and independent, without affectation. I wish I was more like her. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" asked Mr. Holden, quickly.

"No matter—nothing," answered his young



wife, taking up a book, and carelessly turning over the leaves.

"Well, my dear, I have a wish that I must urge you to regard; it will be for your good."

"What is it?" asked Helen, with a nervous start, for she half divined what he was going to say.

"My wish is, that you drop entirely the acquaintance of this Miss Kelly; her influence over you, I am sure, will not be good; it is only for your sake I urge it, my dear."

"Mr. Holden, if you were to urge me to the last day of my life, it would be in vain," answered Helen, with indignant firmness; "other things I have given up, and I can yet give up many pleasures. But Margaret Kelly is my *friend*, she has been a true friend to me, and our friendship shall be broken only when I die. I am wavering in many things, but in this I will never change."

"As you please," said her husband, inclining his head stiffly.

Weeks and months brought no change to Helen; each day her spirit was more crushed. By degrees, at her husband's desire, she gave up music, friends, and the kind of reading that would have been a recreation to her. All but Margaret. Her health began to fail; a deep melancholy settled upon her, and she scarcely spoke, except when Margaret was with her; then occasionally her once light spirit flashed forth for a moment. And yet her husband was always mild and gentlemanly; he provided for all her wants; his tone of voice was always gentle, and he was regarded by his acquaintances as one of the best of men. But he was a tyrant; perhaps unconsciously; still he was one of the worst of tyrants, because his cruelty smote the very depths of a young heart. It was hardly tangible, but it sunk deeply as the unseen arrow of death. Oh! how hopelessly the light of her young spirit was quenched. Poor Helen had nothing to support her; she could not look upon the past with confidence; she had knowingly forsaken the path of right, because it seemed full of thorns. But now she found the way she had marked out for herself was yet more thorny, and could not be strewn with a single flower. She had been advised by her friends, but that advice had been unheeded. She was perhaps too timid and dependent; her sensitive heart shrunk within itself, and hope abandoned her.

Two years had gone. It was a clear, mild evening in autumn, and every thing without was still and peaceful. In a dimly lighted chamber, two persons were alone. Margaret Kelly, with a pale, but calm face, was gazing on the wasted

features of Helen. One hand clasped the thin fingers of the invalid, and she half bent over to listen to her low breathings. At length Helen turned towards her, and fixed her eyes listlessly upon her face. "Are you better now, dear?" asked Margaret, gently kissing her, and laying her hand upon her cold forehead.

"I do n't know," replied Helen, faintly; "where am I? How did you come here, Margaret?"

"You are sick, dear Helen, very sick, and I came to take care of you."

"How kind you are, Margaret; I dreamed an angel was with me; I will not live long, I feel it. See, how cold my hands are."

"Oh! do n't say so, Helen, do n't," begged Margaret, leaning her head upon the pillow, to hide her tears. "You may yet get well."

"If it is God's will that I shall die, I am willing, too willing. I have heard you say yourself, dear Margaret, that we are never removed to the other world until it is best for us and others. Oh! I am far from being good, but God knows in my sufferings I have tried to look to Him. If we can but meet in Heaven, Margaret; will we not?" Helen stretched forth her feeble hand to her friend, and over her dying face there beamed a spiritual light.

"How long it was before I turned to God for strength," she whispered again, in a fainter tone; "but He has heard my prayers. Oh! if I could live my life over again; but no——"

Margaret raised her face, and said, tremulously, "Do n't talk any more, now, dear, you will soon be stronger, and then we——" she stopped, and covering her face with both hands, sobbed aloud, for she saw her words were vain.

"Do n't grieve for me, dear Margaret," said her dying friend, "but think of me often." There was a long silence, broken only by Helen's faint, faint breathing; the film of death began to gather over her dark, loving eyes. Margaret bent over her, still and breathless; she felt that no sound should disturb that holiness. Helen tried to raise her hand; "Margaret," broke low from her lips.

"I am here, dearest, and now my cheek is pressed to yours. God is with you, Helen. Oh! my friend." Again there was a silence—the silence of death. A calm, holy and beautiful, pervaded that quiet chamber. No sound of weeping escaped from Margaret. No superstitious images came before her, as she felt she was alone. She pressed her lips upon Helen's white, cold brow, and thin cheek. She smoothed back her dark hair, and gazed long upon that form, from which the dear spirit had just de-

parted. Then she sunk upon her knees in prayer, deep, holy, prayer. While she was yet kneeling, there was a knock at the door. She arose, and gave admittance to Mr. Holden.

"How is Helen?" he asked. "Miss Kelly, I think she had better have a nurse—you will be worn out."

"Look at her," said Margaret; "she is gone!"

"Dead, is she?" he replied, in a quick, whispering tone, approaching the bed. He

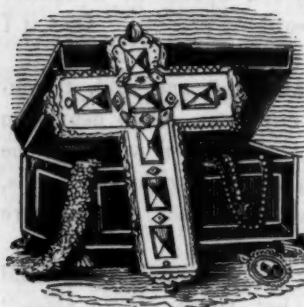
looked at her, and over his stern face there rolled a tear.

"Poor Helen!" he muttered, and he sank upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands, lost in thoughts which stung him with self-reproach. Whether the death of that young, fair creature produced a change in him, God only knows.

The story I have related is not drawn from imagination. It is not many years since Helen Raymond was laid in the churchyard.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## MORNING.



HE light of early morning fell  
On mossy hill and quiet dell,  
Ere, in the ardor of the day,  
The dew-gleams all were kissed away:  
Fair sprang the stream-lets forth, to meet  
The glory of the kindling morn;

And sweetly rose the flowers, to greet  
The freshness on the breezes borne;  
Nor voice nor footfall echoed there,  
To break the spell so softly fair.

Up rose the sun, with fervent glow,  
And smiled upon the world below,  
And poured his loving presence forth,  
In blessings to the fruitful earth;  
The waters flashed his greeting back,  
The forest brighten'd in his track,  
While, softly bow'd in modest grace,  
The valleys caught his wide embrace,  
And, from their bosoms, starred with dew,  
Sent up a welcome, warm and true.

No sound of sorrow floated there,  
Where only gladness dwelt,  
But love and peace were in the air,  
And joy that might be felt:

And glooms, which on my spirit lay,  
Passed, like the early mists, away;  
The joyless words we mortals say,  
Of weariness and doubt;  
Ah! what, in all their strength, are they?  
One sparkling of the God-sent day,  
Nay—but one dew-drop rainbow play,  
Can flash their dimness out.

Who said that earth is full of wo,  
That "shadows" only dwell below?  
Who called the gift our Father gave,  
"Grave-riven," "full of sepulchres?"  
Ah! for the good—the purely true,  
No shadow rests upon the grave;  
The smile of Heaven breaks warmly through  
And God's own light in love confers.

Where rests the shadow? dreamers-pale,  
Among the works of God;  
The breeze—awand'ring down the vale,  
Whispers a pleasure-freighted tale,  
O'er every daisied sod;  
Not on the young rejoicing hills,  
Not with the music of the rills,  
The shadow beareth part:  
But where the guilt of man hath been,  
There darkness, hand in hand with sin,  
Makes shadows in the heart.

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTEL.

BY A. ROLAND.

[The following beautiful story is represented as being told by one of a circle of friends who had fled to the country, from Paris, during the troubles of the Revolution and who, to beguile the time, had agreed to relate, in turn, the combination of circumstances which had produced the most happy moment in each of their lives.—TRANS.]



HERE lives in this neighborhood a gentleman, who, after having served his king and country with distinction, has retired to the bosom of his family, decorated with that fine prize of valor, which, like himself, two of his children have already received.

"M. de l'Ormon?" said Olympia.

"Yes, madame, it is of him I am about to speak."

Left without fortune by a father, as brave and estimable as himself, who had been ruined in the service of his country, his only hope was in an uncle who had always showed a warm affection for him. This uncle was a good man but, like good hearts generally, was rash and choleric; his name was de Glancy. He had had two brothers Ormon and Orambré, one of whom was a spendthrift, the other a miser. Each left a son; Ormon's, as I have indicated, was destitute of fortune, whilst Orambré's was opulent. Believing himself more savage than he was although, it is true, he was a little so, the uncle had preferred celibacy to marriage and had passed his life in the country, where his wealth, as he advanced in age, continued to increase.

Rich and childless uncles are rarely neglected by their nephews; but de Glancy believed him-

self disregarded by young Ormon. He often complained to me about him and I made use of every means to mollify him.

"Discipline, in time of war, is so severe," said I, "and so confining, to young men, that it is only just, by way of indemnity, that they should be allowed a little freedom in time of peace. Ormon comes to see you rarely, it is true, but when he is here, he always appears gay, contented and happy in consequence of your goodness to him; he has often spoken to me of your kindness with expressions of the deepest gratitude.

"Fine words," replied the uncle, "but I have more faith in actions. See my nephew Orambré, he is rich, he has no need of any assistance from me and receives none, yet with what assiduity does he fulfil those duties which Ormon neglects!"

"Ah, well! I'll engage, nevertheless," said I, "that your heart, more frequently, inclines toward Ormon."

"Doubtless," replied he; "it is more natural for us to love those who most need our love; but this is what renders him more inexcusable in my eyes."

Once when he complained with still greater bitterness of Ormon's conduct toward him:

"Sir," said I. "I may appear singular to you in consequence of what I am about to say, but I have never been able to disguise my true sentiments. Heaven knows I have no desire to lessen, in your estimation, the value of Orambré's attentions, nor to throw the slightest shade



upon his professed affection for you; which I regard as so much the more praiseworthy because it is disinterested. But if I had a poor nephew it would not please me to see him too assiduous in his attentions to me. A frank, unrestrained air would remove from my mind any suspicion of unworthy motives. I should love to see him receive kindnesses from me without appearing to seek them with too much avidity. What Orambré may do, with propriety, would appear unseemly in Ormon, whom, I am satisfied, has forced himself to refrain from that marked attention, the absence of which you imagine to be a consequence of his want of a proper affection for you. His noble soul has a repugnance to every thing which looks like adulation, and he loves better, in his condition, to merit your favor by an honorable course of conduct, than to appear to cultivate it with that impatience which looks forward to the fruits only which are to be gathered."

He replied to this that he knew my weakness for Ormon, that I pleaded his cause admirably, but that the judge, in this instance, was not to be, easily, misled. I perceived, however, that I gratified him in furnishing reasons for pardoning the culprit. Thus, for some time, at least, his anger was removed, and his nephew again in favor with him. But one day, on which he had invited me to dine with him, I found him more gloomy and depressed than I had ever before seen him. I asked the cause.

"Let us begin," said he, "by dining at our ease, and we will talk of this matter afterwards."

We ate in silence and, after the meal was over and we were shut up together in his closet:

"You will soon learn," said he, "to what a degree I am respected by this nephew, whom you have praised and justified so many times. He married, six months ago, without asking my consent; without, indeed, my knowledge."

"If that be true, it is, indeed, culpable," replied I.

"Yes, sir, it is true!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, his eyes flashing with anger.

"How did you learn it?"

"His cousin has appeared for a long time much dejected and concealed from me the cause of his affliction, till I insisted upon knowing, when he avowed all: Ormon had married secretly, but, seeing himself about to become a father, had been compelled, openly, to avow his union."

"This was, undoubtedly, a foolish act," said I, "but I dare to say, at least, that he has not made a choice which will cause you to blush."

"Oh no," replied he, "on the contrary, I should have reason to be proud of her. A very noble, excellent woman, doubtless, and very beautiful too, but, like himself, having, thanks to heaven! nothing in the world; not even in any corner of the globe, an uncle, forgotten and despised, whose fortune she expects to inherit."

"This," said I, "is the rock upon which the most happy dispositions, goodness, honesty itself, and all the hopes of youth are too often wrecked. Man is weak, at all ages, but how fragile at twenty years!"

"Monsieur le Curé," replied he, "I perceive, very plainly, the course your insinuating eloquence is taking; but I shall speak without circumlocution. Ormon is shamelessly ungrateful; I have uttered his name for the last time, and I charge you to speak to me of him no more, or, notwithstanding the high respect I entertain for you, our acquaintance shall cease."

"Sir," said I, throwing myself at his feet, "grant me one last favor. He is, perhaps, in spite of appearances, more unfortunate than culpable. Hear, before you condemn him."

"Never!" cried he, "never shall he, again, appear before me; I know of him all I wish to know—I know him but too well!"

Then all his anger seemed suddenly smothered; he became calm and cold as ice, his mind retook its freedom, and what appeared still more terrible, he conversed with me, in a gay tone. I saw that his resolution was taken and that he believed himself unmoveable. But time, nature and religion may shake him, thought I; we must let them act.

The young man lived in Alsatia, and it was too true that he was married. I learned this from himself. He wrote me that, unchangeably determined to form this tie and, convinced that the consent of M. de Glancy, his uncle, could not be obtained, he was reduced to the cruel alternative of marrying without his knowledge or without his consent; of these two wrongs, he had chosen that which he thought might be the more easily effaced. He submitted his cause into my hands, and implored me, in the name of the most holy love, to intercede for him and to use all my efforts to remove the anger of a justly irritated, but ever loved, uncle, for whom, even in his disgrace, he entertained the most tender regard. He had written to him and transmitted to me a copy of his letter, without hope, he said, of receiving the severe and afflictive reply which it merited.

This information enabled me to examine, in silence, the impression which Ormon's humble and touching acknowledgment of his fault would make upon his uncle. I observed him, closely;

but the calm, into which he had fallen, after the first outbreak of his anger, remained unchanged. He seemed impassible; nothing appeared to affect him.

Orambré came to see him and I hoped that he would exhibit to him, some evidence of resentment toward Ormon, for my greatest anxiety was to see him thus apparently insensible. I would much rather have had him show the most bitter resentment than this severe forgetfulness. But Orambré was received, as usual, without any greater or less appearance of friendship; but a profound silence, which was, no doubt prescribed, was observed with regard to the existence of his cousin. Otherwise the same freedom of intercourse and the same nonchalance was observable in all our interviews. Ormon seemed to be annihilated in the memory of his uncle. Three years rolled by without his having given the slightest evidence that he was aware of his existence.

What became, however, of the unfortunate young man and his two children?—for he had now become a father the second time. From the fragments of a ruined estate, there remained to him a miserable little farm near Corbeil, situated between two forests, exposed to the attacks of wild beasts. He asked, as a favor, and obtained permission to enclose it with a quick hedge and ditches, and took refuge with his wife and children under the roof of an old house adjoining the farm.

We wrote to each other frequently and his letters, so far from complaining of his adverse fortune, were all I had to console me. His salary from his company, a moderate pension, that he received for an action which distinguished him, and the produce of the little spot of land, which he had been enabled to render fertile, placed him above want, so that, thanks to heaven! it was only from the most disinterested feelings that he regretted the loss of his uncle's favor. He wrote to his uncle twice a year, in accordance with my advice, but his letters breathed the sentiments of an independent man and affectionate nephew only, and spoke of no other misfortune than that of having excited the displeasure of so kind a relative.

Having learned, finally, that some duties of my profession would make it necessary for me to go to Paris, he wrote that he hoped I would not, whilst on my route, refuse to cross the Seine and visit him in his retreat; I would not, on any account have failed to do so.

When I arrived, Ormon was out in the field, and I was received by a woman whose air and demeanor would have embellished a hut. Nothing could be more simple than her clothing,

nothing more touching than the style of her beauty. On learning my name, a slight cloud of sadness, which shaded her brow, was dissipated, and her countenance became radiant with joy.

"Sir," said she, "I feel, at this moment, that nothing in the world, is more delightful to the sight, than the presence of a true friend whom we see for the first time; Ormon, himself, cannot be more happy than I am in receiving M. le Curé de Verval."

"My delight, madame," said I, sighing, "is far from being as lively as yours; it is not in such a situation as this, I confess, that I desired to see you."

"Why not?" said she, with charming grace. "Am I not, here, in a desirable situation; am I not beside my husband and in the midst of my children? What we lack here is necessary to effeminacy and vanity, only, and we can dispense with those vices; besides, when a step in our lives has been duly considered, the consequences well ascertained, and we take the step, freely, we should be prepared to bear results, which have been anticipated, with fortitude. Ormon did not conceal, from me, the state of poverty in which he had been left by his father, nor the danger of displeasing his uncle and his disinheritance by him if he contracted a marriage without his consent; but this consent he said, could never be obtained."

"You would have obtained it," replied I, "if he had only known you, and I could have procured for you that good fortune. You would have had the goodness to pass for my niece; he would have seen you at my house, and beautiful as you are, without ornament, you would have enchanted him. That judgment, that modesty, that soul so noble and gentle, could not have failed to make an impression. You would soon have compelled him to say to me, 'Why have not I such a niece!' and I should have replied: 'It only remains for you to say the word to possess her!'"

"Your pretty romance greatly flatters me, my good Curé," said she; "but you, alone, could have conceived it. For us, we were reduced to the alternative either to marry without his knowledge, which we regarded as a simple offence, or, after having asked it, without his consent, which would have been an insult. 'The one,' said Ormon, 'may be pardoned, the other never will.' 'Let us not deceive ourselves,' said I; 'in the eyes of a man as susceptible and passionate as M. de Glancy, not only the fault of having married without his consent, but perhaps, that of marrying without his knowledge, may be regarded as an unpardon-



able crime, and may alienate him without hope of return. We now occupy this position, and we ask ourselves whether he is necessary to our happiness.' His reply was simple; he drew me a picture of the life we should lead. I loved! I was loved! There was bounded all my ambition; and such as you see this obscure and tranquil life, I still prefer it to the most exalted position in society."

Thus spoke this charming and interesting woman.

Ormon returned from the field and upon seeing me threw himself toward me:

"Ah! my worthy friend," cried he, "I, at last, press you in my arms. You, doubtless, thought to find me unfortunate—you have seen my wife! you are undeceived! Have you kissed my children? Here they are both; receive their caresses! They shall one day know what their father owes you, and they will be grateful! Prepare us some dinner, wife. You will not have to exercise your pastoral eloquence against luxury, here, my good Curé, you will make a dinner of the golden age, I forewarn you, but not with people of the age of iron."

Whilst he was speaking I had taken his eldest child upon my knee, and as I kissed it, my eyes moistened with tears.

"Well, my good Curé," said the father, smiling, "what is the cause of this weakness. Do you look, with commiseration, on these two children! Never mind, do not give yourself any trouble about them. I have already the promise that they will be received into the school of honor and bravery; and if they should have sisters, as I hope they may, they will find, in my profession, sons of my companions in arms who will not disdain them. They will have, as their dowry, the example, the precepts, the virtues of their mother and perhaps, also, her grace and some of her attractions. Fortune, I know, is the idol of the world but there are still to be found, noble and generous souls."

"You are an evidence of it," said Madame de l'Ormon, modestly.

"I, madame," cried he, "if I had possessed a crown, you would have conferred a favor upon me by permitting me to offer it to you. Do not mistake this for the language of romance my dear Curé, you never heard any thing truer in all your life."

The dinner followed in the same spirit. The contented manner of the husband and the air of equanimity displayed by the wife, their affectionate bearing toward each other, the character of cordiality and frankness which ennobled their

poverty disguised this poverty even from me and persuaded me that they lacked nothing. After dinner, however, having gone out with Ormon to view what he called, ostentatiously, his domains:

"Are you really, asked I, "as happy as you seem to be?"

"No," replied he, "I have a weight upon my heart; but this is not caused by any regrets on account of the wealth I have renounced, but by the fact that it is believed, and with some appearance of truth, that I have repaid kindnesses and good offices with ingratitude. I avow, to you, my friend, from my inmost soul, that, if M. de Glancy were satisfied that I had not ceased to love him, or to regard him as a second father, disinherited by him and reduced to this condition of meanness and deprivation, no man on earth would be more happy than myself. My only sorrow is to appear ungrateful without even being able to indulge in the hope that my uncle is undeceived."

"If it is possible, he will be," replied I. "But he has forbidden me to mention your name to him, and I know his character; we must wait patiently and not jostle him."

Our parting was attended with the most earnest protestations of unchangeable friendship. I kissed the two pretty children a thousand times, I embraced their father; shall I confess it? I allowed myself to be embraced by the mother and left them. But I was sad during my journey. The very contentedness of my friends in their adversity rendered me more inconsolable. All my life long I have regretted to see riches in the hands of the avaricious, and have always desired to see those who esteemed it least possessed of wealth.

At the time, of which I am now speaking, my father still lived. I wrote to him, from Paris, as he had had the goodness to desire, and, full of this matter, I made some allusion to it. But the occasion, as the persons, was marked out by the stars. I intended nothing. He looked upon the history as a pleasant story which I had written, in order to beguile the time during my absence. He was at the dinner table when my letter was received.

"Ah!" said he, "do you know how the good Curé amuses himself at Paris? by writing romances. Here is one of his attempts;" and he read my letter aloud.

Our uncle partook of this dinner. He knew where his nephew was living, for Orambré had informed him of the place; and this place was on my route. The situation fixed his attention, he guessed the rest, and became abstracted and agitated. But his suspicions were aroused, and



he concluded, upon a little reflection, that the arrival of the letter at the precise moment when he was taking dinner with M. de Verval, was premeditated, and that it was a piece of management, on my part, to rouse his sensibilities.

On my return I called to see him. He received me coldly, made some trifling allusion to my journey, and scarcely answered me when I spoke of himself and made inquiries about his health. Finally, after a long silence :

"Monsieur le Curé," said he, knitting his brows, "I knew that you possessed talents, but was not aware that it lay in the faculty of writing stories."

"Stories! I write stories!"

"Yes, stories; such as the one read at the table of M. de Verval, which was found very entertaining."

"I understand you, sir; you speak of a letter in which I imperfectly drew the picture of a household with which I met, happy through virtue, in the midst of poverty. Ah! that is not a romance, it is but the simple truth."

"And this truth, you related designedly?"

"Alas! sir, could it be hidden. However, I have not mentioned any thing but what might have been told by the most discreet friendship, and that I have related innocently."

"Yes, it was innocently done to make your friend the subject of a scene!" said he bitterly.

"And who has told you, sir, that I have spoken of you," I asked.

"Who has told me! myself, who have heard it and comprehended, but too well, that this scene was arranged and that I was invited, for the purpose only of being made to blush."

"Neither my father nor myself, sir," replied I, rising, "are capable of such contemptible trickery. As for myself, I avow, before heaven, that no such design entered my thoughts, and I am surprised that you should not have known me better than to attribute it to me."

"What!" said he, with emotion, "are you going to leave me?"

"Yes, I go. I can no longer suffer injustice at your hands."

"Is it injustice, to complain of your having made a mystery?—"

He paused.

"Of what have I made a mystery?" I asked, pressing.

"Of your intercourse with a man who has caused me the most bitter suffering."

This was what I had waited for.

"Sir," said I, "I cannot partake of resentments, the severity of which, as much as their duration, causes me pain. Such resentments are repugnant to my profession and still more to

my character. As regards my associations, I make a mystery of them to no one. With you, it is true, I have preserved a silence which you, yourself, imposed upon me; but this silence is not one of dissimulation; if you did not even wish to know what I thought, how could you become acquainted with my actions? Moreover, I declare to you that I will not sacrifice a friendship for any person in the world."

"And I, sir, and I!" cried he, with violence, "am not I your friend?"

"I have two; you are one of them, but I shall not abandon the other."

"The other is a fool."

"He has been, perhaps, but he is not ungrateful; he is an upright man, and I believe him to be unfortunate: these titles are sacred to me."

"Unfortunate! should he not be?"

"He is unfortunate to love, and revere an unjust man, who hates him."

"Again! an unjust man!"

"Yes, it is very unjust, to magnify a simple error into a crime, and to proscribe an innocent being. It is a strange thing to me," continued I, seeing him moved, "that, with a bag of gold in his hand, a man should believe himself armed with thunder, and should, because of an offence, committed in a moment of delirium, and which is so excusable, glory in being inflexible and condemn himself to the torment of continually hating the subject of it."

"No! I do not hate him; no! I loved him, ever; and since I must say it, I love him still more in consequence of the torture I have endured."

"Torture! Ah! great heaven! is it a torture, then, to love your own relatives?"

"Yes, it is, for a too feeling heart, wounded by ingratitude."

"No, not ingratitude," interrupted I, with all my energy; "this vice has never sullied the soul of the virtuous young man, who loves, honors and blesses you in his wretchedness, and who would shed his blood for your sake."

"Let him come, then and, with his wife and children throw himself into my arms, for all this worries me, and I must make an end of the matter; I have need of sleep—your romantic pictures leave me no repose."

"Victory!" cried Juliette, "I have expected, I have foreseen this as the moment of your happiness."

"Oh no, mademoiselle, this was not the happiest moment; it is true that such a sudden revolution in the heart of an irritated man, who believed himself implacable, could not but give me much pleasure; but I had yet many troubles to experience before I reached a con-

summation of my wishes. I wrote, immediately, to Ormon to come and he did not keep us waiting long. The reconciliation of his uncle with him was sincere and affecting. Madame de l'Ormon, with her children in her arms, presented, as you may well suppose, a still more touching picture, and I enjoyed the spectacle with the greatest delight. But some strange bitterness still seemed to remain at the heart of M. de Glancy. Ormon perceived it, and, careful to avoid any indiscretion begged permission, a few days after, to go, with his wife, to attend to the cares of his harvest.

This simplicity of manner did not displease M. de Glancy, but their departure, instead of disturbing him as I had hoped, appeared to relieve him and to act as a solace to some secret cause of inquietude. On the next day after their departure came Orambré. He did not stay long and went away less contented than usual. I attributed the uneasiness which I thought I perceived in his manner, to the return of the poor exile.

The uncle, however, without informing us of it, felt his health giving way. He became more solitary and morose, daily, and saw no one but myself.

Toward the end of autumn he experienced some of those too infallible warnings of his approaching decease.

"My friend," said he, to me, one day, "my blood is becoming decomposed, my chest is oppressed, and I breathe with difficulty; it is time to make preparation for death. You have seen me deeply wounded by the conduct of one of my nephews. In my anger I made a will and in that will disinherited him. I instituted the other nephew my sole heir. I sent for him, and, after exacting from him the promise that my will should remain unknown until after my death, made him the depository. My anger has been appeased and nature, or if you please, justice, has reclaimed her rights. I again sent for Orambré and have demanded of him the testament deposited in his hands. 'Ah my uncle,' said he, 'can you suppose that I would have allowed an act dictated by your anger to remain in existence? I have respected your resentment, but it would have been cruel in me to have abused it. I am rich, Ormon is poor, and his only hope is in what he expects to inherit from you. Your will deprived him of this hope and I have burned it. I beg that my uncle will pardon the act.' My friend, if it be true that he has burned the will, it is a fine action, and I believe him capable of it, for I have never seen any thing in this young man which has not been praiseworthy. But I am,

naturally, suspicious, and if he should have deceived me!—"

With these words he fixed his eyes upon mine, to consult me; but mine were cast down and my silence was the only response he received. The next day we had another conversation; but he made me promise to keep the secret, then imparted, to the last extremity. I promised him to do so and desire to keep my word.

After this time, all his gloomy thoughts seemed to be dissipated. He sent for his two nephews, treated them both with an equal degree of affection, recommended them to live in harmony with each other, prayed Madame de l'Ormon to forget the past, caressed the children and whilst he had them in his arms often turned his eyes upon me as if to commend them to my care. God knows whether this was needed. Just before he died, whilst exhorting Orambré to choose, as Ormon had done, a virtuous companion:

"Alas!" said he, "I deprived myself of the only prize of life; I lost its charm when I condemned myself to this cold and empty void of celibacy."

His character, naturally good, had now lost all its asperities, his soul was softened and the gentle and tender manner in which he had received Ormon, his wife and children into his bosom, had deeply touched them. They deplored him as a good father, but their grief was without ostentation; that of Orambré was more violent. Thus some days passed after his funeral, during which we mingled our tears and interchanged our regrets.

I perceived, however, that Orambré insensibly assumed, in the house, the air and tone of a master; he had an eye to every thing, and had seized upon the keys. I thought, then, that I perceived something equivocal in his manner and desired to ascertain fully his intentions. I asked the two nephews if they intended to put a seal upon the house until an inventory could be taken.

"That is useless," said Orambré; coldly, "we cannot have any point of difference;" and, when he was alone with me: "M. le Curé," continued he, "you have made me feel very badly. I do not wish to give Ormon pain. It is necessary, however, that he should be made acquainted with our respective situations. You are aware of the esteem and friendship which M. de Glancy entertained for me. I was a bachelor; he knew there was little probability that I would marry, and he regarded my wealth as assured to Ormon and his children. He desired to join his property to mine and to make me



the depository. He has instituted me his sole heir and his last will and testament is now in my hands. It is an unpleasant thing to impart this to Ormon, personally; you are our mutual friend, it remains with you to make it known to him."

"Sir," said I, to him, "it is possible, that, in a moment of anger, the natural goodness of M. de Glancy may have suffered some change. But it is one of those hasty actions which ought to be forgotten; the law disavows them, and a delicate probity would never take advantage of them."

"I do not know why," said he, drily, "you should attribute to choler, a constant, invariable predilection, which was known to every body, and of which you yourself have been a witness."

"I presume," replied I, "that this predilection, of which all the appearances are in your favor, has been able to render a man, naturally and sincerely virtuous, cruel, unjust and pitiless even to his last sigh? Have you been able to believe it? Dare you say it? Dare you indeed affirm it?"

"M. le Curé," said he, "your zeal oversteps all bounds. I am moderate, imitate me."

"Pardon me," sir, replied I, "and permit me to say only a few words more. Nature and the law calls for a just division of M. de Glancy's property. Rich as you already are, is not the half of it enough for you? Do you envy M. de l'Ormon the other half. You will do homage, believe me, to the memory of your uncle, by effacing every trace of an act which he has disavowed by the most signal reconciliation."

"Let every one do right in the manner he thinks most proper, M. le Curé; my way of rendering homage to the memory of my uncle is to fulfil exactly his expressed desires."

"I shall not insist," I replied, "and give you time to change your determination. But, sir, if I am reduced to the necessity of contending for M. de l'Ormon's rights, I shall contest your immoderate pretensions and, perhaps, you will have cause to repent them."

A bitter and disdainful smile was his only reply to this menace, and praying me to inform M. de l'Ormon of the state of affairs, quietly left the room. From this moment I despaired of any change. I determined to wait till the next day, however, to see if reflection would not arouse some sentiment of shame. The next morning I asked one of his servants how his master had slept during the past night. He assured me that his master had slept so very calmly that he had been compelled to awaken

him at the hour for rising. Indignation seized me, and, armed with all my courage, I went down to breakfast. He came in with greater calmness of demeanor than I had ever observed in him.

"M. de Orambré," said I, on seeing him, "appears to have slept, during the past night, the sleep of the just."

"As yourself, M. le Curé," replied he.

This "*as yourself*," appeared to me excessively insolent. He caressed Ormon's children, spoke in an affectionate tone to their mother, declaring that the children were his own, that he would never have any others and that to them, alone, would pass all his wealth; then addressing Ormon:

"Do not feel aggrieved," said he, "that your uncle has desired that my hands should receive his property; it is a deposit which I shall preserve for these dear children with the greatest care."

The astonished Ormon begged him to explain his meaning.

"What!" said he, coldly, "has not M. le Curé informed you that our uncle has left me sole heir to his wealth, and that the title is in my possession?"

"I have not," replied I, "made this communication to M. de l'Ormon, and you know the reason. I wished to leave your conscience time to speak, but since it remains silent, I will speak myself."

Then addressing Ormon and his wife, who, struck with astonishment, were gazing, silently, upon each other:

"Do not accuse that uncle who, whilst dying, held you in his arms, of having deceived you," said I. "No, do not believe that he was capable of insulting the misfortune of your children by pretended benevolence and faithless caresses. Irritable and hasty, he determined, when angry, to disinherit a nephew, whom he loved; but he did not then, for a moment, impose upon him by a seeming, treacherous kindness. He pardoned you and, in doing so, desired that you should receive your natural rights. He did not wish that this testament which was dictated whilst his anger endured, should become known to you. He desired to destroy it, and demanded of him in whose possession it had been placed, that every trace of it might be annihilated. He was told that it was burned."

"Who told him so?" asked the knave.

"You, sir."

"I!"

"Yourself; I affirm it upon my honor."

"Eloquence has fine room for display, M. le



Curé," said he, "when the dead are concerned; there is no danger of the detection of falsehood."

"It is not I, sir," replied I, "but your uncle who would be guilty of falsehood, if his voice could be heard from his grave. Tremble! lest his ashes become re-animated and heaven, to confound you, permit his voice to break the silence of death!"

As these words were uttered he gazed upon me with a sneering expression.

"Well," continued I, "since you dare to brave it, his voice shall be heard."

And I drew from my pocket a second will which had been left by the deceased—

"Read it aloud, sir," said I, to M. de l'Ormon, "this is his last will and testament."

Ormon read, and found that by this new act he had been declared sole heir to the property of M. de Glancy. To Orambré this was like a clap of thunder; for a moment he remained silent, but then, recovering his audacity,

"This instrument," he said, "it is easy to perceive, has been drawn forth by the seductions of a priest; I shall not hesitate to make it known and we shall see whether it is thus permitted to abuse the weakness of the dying."

With these words he rushed out of the room in a fury and, a few moments after, we heard the sound of his departing carriage.

The effect of this revolution was apparent in the countenances of Madame de l'Ormon and her husband; but I did not perceive, thank heaven! the least sign of indecent joy. Suddenly I perceived Ormon fall into an incomprehensible state of dejection.

"My friend," said he, "at this moment you believe me very happy, but I am less so, now, than ever, for I feel myself culpable. Within a few moments I have experienced the most frightful movements of passion; when I sup-

posed myself disinherited, I was capable, for the first time, of insulting, in my heart, the memory of the best of men, my benefactor, my second father, whom I had offended, who had pardoned and heaped kindnesses upon me."

The good young man seemed hardly able to articulate these words; shame smothered his voice.

"Come," said he, "let us go to his tomb at least and ask pardon of his shade. Alas! I have more need now than ever of his pity."

It was at this moment, in witnessing these tears of repentance and gratitude shed upon the tomb which enclosed the remains of M. de Glancy, and in seeing this virtuous pair incline their children to kiss this revered marble, that I experienced the most voluptuous delight. Oh! it was indeed a touching picture! They were not ignorant that they owed me a great deal, but at this moment I was forgotten. Their hearts were entirely filled with the true object of their gratitude. But, this first duty fulfilled, simple friendship had its turn, and I found an opportunity of observing how a heartfelt acknowledgement of benefits received elevates and ennobles pure souls.

"To us," said they, "the greatest source of delight, and to which none other is comparable, is the consciousness that this generous man loved us to the last; but, after this precious reflection, that which is most dear to us, is the remembrance, in comparison to which all the gold of the earth would be vile, that we owe this return of his goodness to us, to the zeal of such a friend as yourself."

"If I have contributed to the reconciliation of a good relation," replied I, "do not attribute any merit to me; when you have acknowledged one hundredth part of *his* merit what will remain to me! Ah! there will no longer be any virtue in doing good if we find, every where, hearts as grateful as yours!"

### FROM THOMAS CAREW.

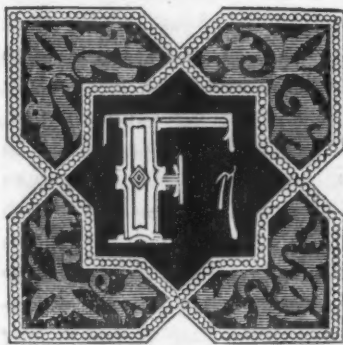
Ask me no more where Jove bestows  
When June is past, the fading rose?  
For in your beauties, orient deep,  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the Day?  
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## SKETCHES OF ITALY.—CONTINUED.

### THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR AMUSEMENTS—CLIMATE AND SCENERY.



European, and, more especially, of the Italian people.

This love of the beautiful is at once intelligent and excessive. It is confined to no class. The courtier, whose life glides away in the saloons of royalty, is no warmer in his enthusiasm than the man whose lot has been cast in a far humbler sphere. At the opera all classes meet; and when the prima donna pours forth her wealth of harmony, the deep silence that reigns—the fixed and earnest looks—the bending bodies—the kindling eyes—the half suppressed bravos—and, as the last notes of the air float in lingering sweetness through the house, the burst of irrepressible applause which crowns her effort, all testify the fervent love for music which marks the Italian character.

In the Galleries, where are collected the great works of art, you will find the representatives of the lowest as well as the highest classes of the population; and often have I seen the sun-browned peasant, in his rude attire, standing before some master-piece of Raphael or of Claude, with a gaze as rapt, and an enjoyment apparently as great as that of the most refined spectator. This universal appreciation of the arts, results, in a great measure, from the liberal policy

FROM a consideration of these evidences of the talent of a fellow countryman, the transition is easy to that unbounded admiration for the arts, which forms one of the distinguishing characteristics of the

which prevails in reference to the treasures of art in which Italy is so inestimably rich. The saloons of the prince, and the galleries of the noble, are ever open: the passport to all is simply *good behaviour*, and the conduct of the people is an evidence not only of their taste, but of its humanising and refining tendency. That softness of manner—that polished politeness—that most agreeable suavity, which renders the communion of a stranger with the people of France and Italy so easy and delightful, is attributable in a great measure to this taste for the arts; and the tourist, who, after a sojourn in Rome and Florence, Naples and Paris, crosses the narrow channel which rolls between the two rival sovereignties of the world, and going to bed at *Calais*, wakes up in *London*, will be very apt to sigh for the courtesies of the Continent, and to wish that a love of the arts, or some other cause had exercised its needed influence upon the manners of the people who surround him in the "Great Metropolis."

A stronger contrast could not possibly be presented than that which will meet him at every turn, and shock him in each moment of his intercourse with them; and, if the unfortunate traveller happens to be an *American*, whose perusal of the luminous and *impartial* volumes of a Hall or a Marryat, a Trollope or a Dickens, has well nigh shaken his belief in the existence of any thing approximating to the deficiencies of life in his own uncivilised land, how vast will be his surprise, how overwhelming his astonishment, when he discovers the fearful pitch which refinement and decency have reached in the home of the censors themselves. The evidences of *their* superior politeness and fastidious elegance, are not hidden under bushels.

He has no trouble whatever in finding them

Does he wish to test their *politeness*? Let him accost that well dressed man, who has just crossed the street, and, with a bow, (a trick which he has learned on the continent,) say: "Excuse me, if you please, sir, but I am a stranger in London, and I will be obliged if you will give me the direction to St. Paul's Cathedral." The individual addressed, if he be in a hurry, will not stop at all. If not so much pressed for time, he will straighten himself up, and look fierce at the idea of being addressed, under any circumstances, by an individual *to whom he has never been introduced*. If he be in a tolerably good humor, however, and has just come from the chop house, and the softening influences of his rump steak and mug of "alf and alf" have not entirely worn off, he will, perhaps, deign to give the required information; but in a manner as curt as possible, and with a growling tone, such as a bear might be excusable in using, if aroused from his siesta to answer an impertinent question. Does he desire proof of the superior *elegance* of the people, and their strict attention to those requirements of *decorum* which, according to English writers, are so shockingly violated among us? Let him, some evening, as he strolls up the Strand, drop into one of the theatres, and fix his eyes for a few moments upon the occupants of the upper parts of the house; and when he has sufficiently regarded the strange spectacle which is there presented, of dozens of men in their *shirt sleeves* and filthy faces, regaling themselves "with 'am Sandviches hand hale him the hintervals hof the hacts," let him honestly ask himself if it has ever been his misfortune to see such sights in any similar assemblage in his own country; and if he can say *yes* to the interrogation, why I will admit that he has seen more than I have, and as a punishment for the doubt with which I should receive his answer, I will give him leave to call me a "John Bull" for ever after.

The truth is, that the great mass of the English people are not near so civil or well bred as the same classes in the United States. There is a rudeness about them which clings to some extent even to the skirts of the gentleman, whose position should teach him better. In his case, perhaps, it should be called *hauteur*; but, whether in the stiff reserve of the *upper*, or the insufferable boorishness of the *lower* classes, there seems to run through the whole nation the same feeling of *proud, self-sufficiency*, which gives to their intercourse with strangers a character of unpleasant brusqueness.

If, therefore, a comparison could be insti-

tuted with favorable results between the English and ourselves, how much more striking is the contrast when they are compared with the French and Italians. It must be borne in mind, that in what I say in the premises, *I make no allusion whatever* to qualities of head and heart. The social and manly virtues of the English people every one knows—no one can honor them for such attributes more than I do. The vices which deform the French and Italian character, are equally notorious: no one can hold such deformities in greater contempt. I speak only of the *outward manners* of the people, and I should regret to be misunderstood.

Now to illustrate the difference in this respect between the two people, let me mention an instance which arose in my own experience. Bear in mind the conversation just held with the Englishman, in the streets of London, and then step over with me to the queer and Dutch looking city of Strasbourg. I had just left the great cathedral, and the next lion which I desired to see was the celebrated arsenal. I was on my way to the quarters of the general in command, from whom I had been told it was necessary to have a permission to enter, and being in some doubt as to the direction, I addressed a French officer who passed me, and asked him for definite information. With ready politeness he gave me the address of the commanding officer, but remarked, at the same time, that it was a long walk, and that if I had a card with me, he would save me the trouble of taking it, by giving me a note to a brother officer at the arsenal. I handed him a slip of paper, and he pencilled thereon a neat little note, introducing me to his friend, Captain O—, and begging him to do the honors for me; and then, with an air which seemed to say, "My dear sir, you have done me a great kindness in giving me an opportunity of serving you," and with a *bow* such as a Frenchman only can make; he went his way, and I went mine.

My way, however, lead, unfortunately through divers narrow and crooked streets, and, before long, I was completely at a loss. Near the gate of the citadel I accosted a soldier of the line, who was lounging near, and *his* reply to my question as to the whereabouts of the arsenal, was an offer to go with me. Thinking that we were in the immediate vicinity, I accepted his kindness, and away we went. The walk was nearly *three quarters of an hour long*, and, as if taking it was not doing a sufficient kindness, my friend, when I suggested the nature of my permission to enter, feared that, from the informality of the order, I might have some trouble, should Captain O— be absent, ac-



accompanied me into the arsenal itself, to assist me in case of difficulty.

This is a fair sample of French politeness. It may not always be carried to the same extent. That depends upon circumstances, but the incident is only one of a thousand in which I have seen this genuine, impulsive politeness of the French display itself.

In this respect the Italians closely resemble their mercurial neighbors. The "bon homie" of the people is general and striking. Their kindness is not limited by sectional feelings. There is a *humanity* about it, which we do not find to the same extent in other nations. They are not polite so much in their character of Frenchmen or Italians, as in the larger relation which they bear to you of *fellow men*.

The kindness with which they treat you has a *warmth* and *heartiness* about it which renders it doubly acceptable.

I have spoken of the love of the arts which characterises the people of Southern Europe, as one of the causes of this softness of manner. I will now allude to two other influences which operate to produce this result. One of these is to be found in the "Amusements of the people," a matter about which we, in this country, know little or nothing. This results, partly from climate, partly from education, and a variety of causes. We are essentially a *nation of workers*. *Labor*, constant, and assiduous *labor*, is the great law of our existence, and the idea of providing for the amusement of the people, by the interference of government, would be hooted at as monstrous and absurd. In Europe, however, the case is entirely different. The bright sun which warms with eternal summer the "Garden of the World," produces an enervation which calls for relaxation and repose. The greater cheapness of the necessities of life, lessens the necessity for continuous labor. The rich soil produces with seeming spontaneity. The Catholic church, with its constantly occurring festas and holidays, gives to the people a great amount of idle time. The pomp of her ceremonials, and the pageantry of her processions, fosters a taste for shows.

The existence of monarchical governments demands the presence of the *soldier*, and the streets are enlivened with all the pomp and circumstance of military life. The tastes thus created are fostered and ministered to. It is absolutely essential to the existence of government, that the attention of the people should not be directed too closely to its acts. The contract between the rulers and the ruled seem, in substance, to be, "let us alone, and we will amuse you"—make no attempt to pry into the opera-

tions of government, and you shall have fireworks and processions to fill the eye, and the stirring tones of military music to delight the ear. Let us lay taxes, and levy imposts, and we will take care that your love of display shall be gratified.

But without investigating, further, the causes which produce the generality and prevalence of popular amusements in Europe, the *results*, as far as the people are concerned, are undoubtedly beneficial. They are brought into constant and kindly contact with each other; good feelings are generated; opportunities for little acts of courtesy and kindness are constantly occurring. A similarity of tastes, and a consequent community of feelings are thus created. The beautiful gardens and promenades which are thrown open to them, not only educate them into that good behaviour, which is their title to admission, but they minister largely to physical health. There they are brought into contact with their superiors in social position, and the elegance of the upper classes is diffused among the lower. It is impossible to witness the good effects which spring from this system in Europe, and not wish that some attention was paid to such things in our own country. Take, for instance, the gardens and delightful promenades to which I have referred; and who can deny that such places of popular resort among us would be both useful and agreeable.

What would not the fair belles and love-sick beaux of our own city give for the green lawns and shaded walks which abound in every petty town abroad. Those who advocate the wisdom of matrimonial alliances, and are eloquent about the delights of married life, should bestir themselves in this matter; for certain is it, that if we had but a "Villa Reale," or a "Cascina" in our city of monuments, the quiver of Cupid would soon need replenishing; and the flame upon the altar of Hymen would never be allowed to grow dim. Where is the merchant who would not rejoice to retire for a time from the harassing cares of his business, and refresh body and mind in such a place of resort?

How delightful would it be for the mechanic, after the hard toil of the day, to repair with his family to some such spot, and spend an hour in relaxation and enjoyment. But it will be urged, we have no festas and holidays—we have no *idle time*. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, for six long days we labor, and the seventh we rest, and go to church. True—and therein lies the very evil which this system would correct. We *over work* ourselves. We are, as a nation, the veriest slaves

in existence. The Alpha and Omega of our creed is *work—work*.

That it is absolutely necessary that we should work, and work *hard*, too, is undoubted. We live in a stirring age, and an active country. The race is to the swift, and he who loiters and lags by the way-side will soon be distanced by his more active competitors. But although it is necessary that we should labor, *we were also created to enjoy*. It was not meant that the brain should be unceasingly active upon a law-point—the skilful fingers for ever guiding a pen—or the strong arm wielding a sledge hammer. There are laws of our *social nature* to which we owe obedience—impulses of our *hearts*, which should have *their* seasons of sway. Under our present system, how is it?—*where is our social life?*

Tell me, you who run from the breakfast table, as if a dun were at your heels, and write letters and sell goods until mid-day, and then, swallowing a hasty meal, go back, locomotive fashion, to your store, until the hour arrives which allows you to go home—jaded and wearied—body and mind, fagged out—what relish can *you* have for the kindly volume, or the society of wife and children? Tell me, you who have driven a plane or plied a needle, from sun to sun, what time or what disposition can *you* have for social intercourse? *None!* The system strikes at the purest sources of happiness in the world. The warm intercourse of friendship is broken in upon—the sweet communion of the family circle is robbed of half its wealth—the brain of man becomes a mere calculating machine for the enlargement of business, and the getting of gold; and the loftiest feelings, and purest impulses of his better nature, are stifled and starved.

But, even admitting that the present amount of labor must be performed, needful relaxation and proper exercise would enable us to perform

it all in a shorter time. A glance at the constitution of mind and body will justify the assertion. I cannot but think that we should be great gainers by a change in this respect. Would that the experiment could be tried!

The other great causes which operate to soften the manners of the people, are *climate* and *scenery*. The influence which they exercise is universal and undoubted. Nowhere can they be more potent than in Italy. The climate is as delicious as a genial sun, a salubrious atmosphere, a clear sky, a balmy air, and an even temperature, can combine to make it.

The *scenery* of Italy, who shall describe it? The soft beauty of its valleys, and the unutterable hues of its evening skies, glow in the pictures of Claude. The wild recesses of its forest-depths frown upon you from the startling canvass of Salvator Rosa. The domes and spires of her stately cities start into form beneath the pencil of Canaletti; and the *beauty* of Italy has ever been *best* illustrated by the *genius* of her children.

The land is *full* of loveliness!—all the elements of natural beauty are there concentrated. The mountains sweep up, in graceful undulations, green with the ilex and the olive, until their summits fade in the regions of haze, which settles upon them as a crown of gold. The valleys are musical with the murmur of gliding rivers; and their soft verdure is preserved in perennial freshness by the spray of glancing cascates. The wide plains are waving with grain, and graceful with the rich festoonery of vines; and villas and peasant homes look out from groves and gardens. The lakes are mirrors of silver, worthy to reflect the skies which bend over them, and the mountains which swell up from their embrace. Beauty and poetry were wedded in the dawn of time, and the child of the angel pair is ITALY.

J. M. H.

Baltimore, Md.

## MUSIC.

Oh! music! gentle music!  
There's magic in thy strain;  
Come where thou wilt—in lady's bower,  
Or on the battle plain.  
The mild harp hath a witching spell  
About its silver strings;

Can aught on earth excel the charm  
Its pensive breathing flings?  
'T is music's, gentle music's power  
That steals the list'ning soul away,  
'Till man, entranced in rapture's dream,  
Forgets he wears a form of clay.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## MODERN POETRY.—NO. II.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.



N the condition of society in which it exists, depends almost entirely the developement and character of poetic genius. Indeed, poets are frequently but the organs of the spirit of poetry, existing amongst the people to whom they belong. The rude and uncultivated taste of the earlier ages of Greece, was most gratified by the *great* and exciting. To please, it was necessary to *strike*—to fill the imagination with pictures of superhuman existence, and to hold before the mind images of the terrible and grand. Hence, in compliance with the popular taste, the father of Grecian poetry, seizing upon some of the few striking events of early history, connected them with the superstitious creeds of heathen theology, and the fabulous tales of strifes between former heroes and the Gods, and, with his inventive imagination, either combined anew these crude, but popular vagaries, or embellished them with additional attractions.

Subsequently, as society advanced in refinement, boldness of language and thought became much softened, and greater attention was paid to correctness and smoothness of expression, until, in a still later age, the outward body assumed, by degrees, the importance of the ancient soul of poetry, which seemingly expired from neglect.

It slept the sleep of death, until the chivalrous spirit of the crusades exhumed it, when it took a new and brighter shape. It awoke to greater beauty, and found the age of its resurrec-

tion full of the right spirit to appreciate, and abounding in the elements with which to form and beautify its productions. The battle and adventure,—the exaltation of woman,—the proud daring of her knighted champion in the tournament and upon the martial field, and the deep devotion of his love poured forth to her in festive hall;—the glorious visions of ambition, and the still more glorious conquests of valor, fighting in a noble cause;—the enthusiasm of religion and the inspiring faith of a gilded creed;—all these influences awoke the soul of both knight and troubadour to melody, and rapturously they struck the long silent lyre. The gorgeous images of eastern magnificence, brought home by the returning warrior, gave additional brilliancy to the rapid notes; and reverential lore for almost deified woman, mingling with the inspiring awe of religious feeling, gave that depth of tone and sentiment to the poetry of this age, which has distinguished it from all other poetry, and which has entitled it to the name of *romantic*.

From this is derived most of the poetry of modern times, and though it has lost much of the fervor and warmth which characterized the former, it is more exclusively the production of art and a highly cultivated taste.

There exists, however, at present, many causes which discourage poetic effort, and which prevent a correct and ready appreciation of excellence, in this art. Amongst these is the difficulty of attaining to any great degree of originality in thought, at least when confined to themes drawn from the past, for these have already been nearly exhausted. Hence modern poetry has, by some, been considered but the expression of old ideas, in a new and striking language.



The worm-eaten lumber of the past has been repeatedly modeled and re-modeled into different shapes, and glossed over with modern varnish, until a new historical epic or drama is condemned as soon as it appears, as a piece of patched furniture—a mere re-combination of rotten materials. The heroic of modern poetry is regarded as but a faint echo of the Homeric strains of olden times, and the deep toned romance of chivalry has been imitated again and again, until we have, as a result, in too many instances, but the feeble, piping notes of sickly sentimentality.

Such insipidity has already palled upon the popular taste, and therefore, poets, being the organs of its expression, though they may sometimes direct it—have been obliged to conform to the prevailing will, by drawing materials from new sources. Hence, most poets of the present day, either confine themselves to the ordinary occurrences and affairs of real life, imparting to them the charm of their own genius, or have recourse to the vast field which modern philosophy has opened. Availing themselves of this last source, they draw extensively from it, and the character of their poetry is less sensual than ethereal;—more expressive of the qualities of mind, than of those of matter. The mysteries of the soul and mind of man are examined, as is also the spiritual organization of the universe he inhabits;—the subtleties of metaphysics are made comparatively plain, and the enchanting beauties of the true spirit-land, are revealed to the admiring gaze, for they lift the veil which separates it from every-day reality; the door which shuts from the furtive glance the secrets of human nature, widely opens, turning upon the hinges of their poetry. Thus they look through the outer crust of humanity and nature, in upon the soul—the life giving principle—the spiritual tenant. This class of writers are what we beg leave to call *rational* transcendentalists.

There is still another class who carry this to too great an extreme. They continue “etherealizing and refining” until they have entirely passed the bounds of real existences, and are lost—at least from the view of many of their less comprehensive readers—whilst wandering amidst the dreamy shadows of their *imaginary* spirit-land. They never speak of *things*, but always—and without properly discriminating the nature of their subject—of their *essences*. They take no cognisance of flesh and blood, and hold no communion with matter, reversing, in a measure, the order of nature, by slighting the actual world, as if it possessed no real existence, and by exalting the abstractions

of their own imaginations, as if they were alone tangible, or worthy the contemplative energies of thought. Hence, however pleasant such speculations may be to intellectual *voyageurs*, whose minds are able to pursue without weariness this labyrinth of subtleties, or to contemplate at ease the finely woven tissue of their dreamy philosophy, we believe that this extreme of transcendentalism is the farthest removed from the taste of the mass, who, occupying the opposite extreme, are so busily engaged in the pursuit of the real that they care but little even for the more rational and beautiful ideal. This kind of poetry is not, therefore, calculated to interest general readers, of the present day, with all its educated refinement, for this is emphatically the iron age of utility; and while man is thus daily growing more closely wedded to the real, dreamy abstractions can have but few charms for him.

If the poet would cure the prevalent mania of the mass;—if he would exercise his occasional prerogative, of directing the current of public feeling, he must first consent to be directed by it—to become, in a great measure the organ of its expression, exerting his genius upon subjects allied to popular taste. Thus, his own decorative power, when exercised upon objects of this nature, will be brought favorably before the notice not of the few select alone, but of the *many*; and he may thus infuse into this latter class a love of poetry, almost universal, which will in turn beget, not only the capability to judge of poetic excellence, and the refinement of those who read, but the encouragement of him who writes, and the promotion of his glorious art.

Many authors, as we have already seen, have taken the opposite course, and, for reasons which we have endeavored to explain, have failed to secure general popularity; while others have confined themselves to subjects more nearly approximating,—and according with, the public taste. Tennyson, though he belongs exclusively to neither the one nor the other of these two classes, yet possesses many characteristics of both. It is, perhaps, owing to the peculiar ideality of many of his earlier characters, that his first productions were not more generally popular, although competent judges have long since accorded to him the highest order of poetic genius. His earlier characters have been called, “generalizations or refined abstractions, developing certain thoughts, feelings and forms,” and his loves have been pronounced, creatures, not of flesh and blood, but formed from poetic elements,—“transcendentalisms of the senses.” This being the almost uniform charac-

ter of his first efforts, the cause of his indifferent reception by the great mass of general readers, is apparent, though the high esteem in which he is held by a smaller, but choice audience, is evidence that his merits have not been altogether unappreciated.

We extract a few stanzas from his "Ode to Memory," which we believe to be a fair specimen of the style of thought characterising his first published poems.

"Thou who stealest fire,  
From the fountains of the past,  
To glorify the present; oh haste  
Visit my low desire.

Come not as thou camest of late,  
Flinging the gloom of yesternight  
On the white day; but robed in softened light  
Of orient state,  
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist  
Even as a maid, whose stately brow  
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kissed,  
When she, as thou,  
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight  
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots  
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,  
Which in the winter-tide shall star  
The black earth with brilliance rare."

We cannot forbear also inserting here the conclusion of his "Isabel," as being an example of the ethereal character of his early loves.

"The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon—  
A clear stream, flowing with a muddy one,  
Till in its onward current it absorbs  
With swifter movement, and in purer light,  
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother—  
A leaning, and upbearing parasite,  
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,  
With clustered flower-bells, and ambrosial orbs,  
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—  
Shadow forth thee—the world hath not another,  
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,  
And thou of God in thy great charity)  
Of such a finished, chasten'd purity."

In the poems which appeared in 1832, two years afterwards, a change in his female characters is discernable. There is more of reality about them—more "active practical character," while they are equally beautiful. The same remark is applicable to nearly all his other productions which appeared at the same time, or have since appeared. Hence, the public have, for the last few years, been gradually awakening to a sense of his merits, and are beginning more correctly to appreciate him as a poet. The meek patience of "Dora," and the touching tale of her quiet

grief are told with a scriptural simplicity. The "Miller's Daughter," and the "Gardener's Daughter," are unsurpassed in sweetness of tone and depth of sentiment, and we regret that our limits prevent us from inserting both, at length. We can only extract a few lines from the latter, in which his merit as a pastoral poet and one too, of deep sentiment, is conspicuous—

—"From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves,  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;  
The red-cap whistled, and the nightingale  
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.  
And Eustace turned, and smiling, said to me,  
'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,  
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they  
sing  
Like poets, from the vanity of song?  
Or have they any sense of why they sing?  
And would they praise the heavens for what they  
have?'  
And I made answer, 'Were there nothing else  
For which to praise the heavens but only love  
That only love, were cause enough for praise.'"

The above extracts illustrate *some* of the most prominent characteristics of Tennyson's writings. We have space here to allude to one or two more only, which will strike every reader upon first opening one of his volumes,—we mean the peculiar ease and grace of his flowing measures;—and the captivating harmony produced by his nice arrangement of words and rhyme. Another is, the finished delicacy of his descriptions, and the absence of gross allusions or thoughts, as in the following description of the lovely "Godiva," in the legend of that name.

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She lingered, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head,  
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste; and down the stair  
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
The gateway."

There are few poets who would have treated with as much delicacy the "dangerous loveliness" of the fair heroine.

The distinctive characteristics of Tennyson, are found in his pastoral paintings;—in the depth of sentiment and affection breathing from his lines; in his delineations of tragic emotions and

individual passions, and occasionally in his poems of fairy-land and mystery. In all of these he excels, and though there may be discovered, in these separate qualities, a resemblance to Keats, Wordsworth, and to some of the prose

pastorals of Miss Mitford, he is yet entitled to the credit of being an original and genuine poet of great genius, who, if not properly appreciated now, will receive full justice at the hands of a succeeding age.

For Arthur's Magazine.

### HOPE, TRUTH, AND LIFE.



BROTHER mine! keep hopeful heart,  
Though the storm be raging;  
All the dullness, all the smart,  
With a smile assuaging:  
When the heart in hope is strong,  
Seldom flows the life-tide wrong:  
Then—though trouble, deeply felt,  
Cloud thy brow with sorrow,  
All of dark and dim must melt,  
In the bright to-morrow.

Brother mine! be true of soul,  
Though the moments fleeting,  
Shadow-laden o'er thee roll,  
Tuneless measures beating:  
Not in cloudless azure skies,

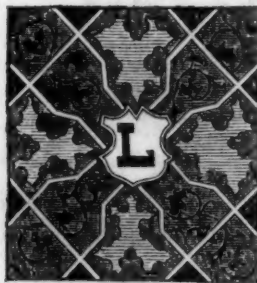
Shall the light of life arise:  
Like the misty vaporous dawn,  
Leaping into glory,  
So shall rise the spirit-morn,  
As a blessing o'er thee.

Brother mine! be pure of life,  
Though the earth be dreary,  
And its ceaseless toil and strife,  
Make thee much aweary:  
From the earth's dull slumbering,  
Sun-robed flowers in beauty spring:  
Upward—(like their fragrance) send  
Every meek endeavor;  
Then thy hope and life shall blend,  
Into one—for ever.

H. M.

### LOVE.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.



LOVE is a strange and  
wayward child,  
And never was won with  
a golden lure;  
His brow is bright and  
undefiled,  
For his thoughts are of  
heaven, and heaven is  
pure.  
He tarrieth not for regal  
beck,

Bolts cannot keep him, chains cannot check;  
His are the free steps, unconfined  
As the flowing wave, or the rushing wind!  
He roams on the land, he sails on the seas,  
He hides in the flower, he speaks in the breeze,

In the lowly hut, and the lordly hall,  
He dwells in the whispers that soft lips let fall,—  
Or lurks with a face demure and sly,  
In the rougish glance of a laughing eye.  
As the bird that sings to a royal ear,  
Will sing to a peasant's as wild and clear,  
Even so will Love carol his serenade,  
To the loftiest lady, or humblest maid:  
Nothing he cares for the ways of earth,  
Nothing he cares for the pride of birth,  
Wealth, has no charm to win him to stay,  
Want, hath no power to drive him away,  
Mid sorrow and wrong, mid care and crime,  
Untouched by grief, unchanged by time,  
'Round the heart he hath won his arms he flings,  
As the vine encircles the tree with its rings.

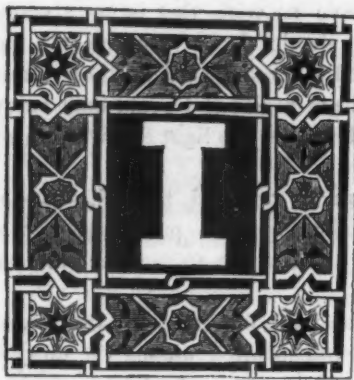


For Arthur's Magazine.

## APOLOGUES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES A. SMITH.

### THE STREAMLET AND THE RIVER.



HAD a dream last night, father, and want an interpreter. I thought I stood upon the border of a beautiful rivulet, at the point where it mingles with the stately Hudson,

and as it came laughing and dancing along, I heard the river say, just as a cloud, passing over the bright, full moon, cast a deep shade upon its surface, like a dark frown upon the brow of envy, 'Why so boisterous in thy merriment? A little more modesty in thy bearing would better agree with thy humble origin.'

"'I rejoice,' said the rivulet, 'because I make others happy. A short time ago my waters were confined to supply the old mill that stood for many years near the spot where I have always paid tribute to thee; and then I gave utterance to the monotonous tones of grief at being subjected to the service of man, when I knew that I could minister more fully and effectually to his enjoyment, if left as free as I was created, to leap over my rocky bed, and sport as I pleased among the pebbles which nature intended as my playmates. But at length utility has been sacrificed to beauty; a becoming tribute for the hand of taste to lay upon the altar of nature. And to compensate for my long imprisonment, Taste and Nature held a consultation, at which it was determined that I should be furnished with some simple and beautiful decorations, which would add to my own happiness, by contributing to the happiness of

others. Nature agreed to supply the models, and Taste to perform the labor. And now you see, I am spanned by rustic bridges, from which the children of men gaze upon me with admiration as the handiwork of Him who formed us both; and how can I restrain the emotions of gladness, or help leaping for joy, when I am thus made the humble instrument of lifting the soul of man to his God? And I am told that on the bank above me, the mignonette and other flowers are blooming sweetly, and that very soon some of the loveliest children of nature, both indigenous and exotic, will be transplanted by the hand of Taste very near me, and I shall thus be permitted to reflect the glory of that Being, whose hand imparts brightness to the sunbeam, and adorns the lily of the field with its inimitable beauty.

"'And, besides, it is said there are other streams like myself by which thy depths are supplied, and to which thou art indebted for thy majesty; and that thou art admired, not for thyself alone, but also because thou art skirted by the towering mountains, and because verdant islands sleep upon thy bosom. And I have heard, too, that there is an ocean mightier than thou, and more majestic still, whose depths have never yet been fathomed; and then there is above all a Being, in the hollow of whose hand thy waters are contained.'

"Just then the cloud passed away, the moon shone out brightly, and upon the face of the river seemed to rest the smile of approbation.'

"Nature addresses us," said the father, "in the language of emblems, and they who listen to her voice are ever receiving instruction. The conversation which you heard in your dream teaches us that there is no source of self-approbation, save the consciousness of honoring the

Almighty, and contributing to the happiness of our fellow men. As the stream reflects the flower that blooms upon its border, so should we reflect, in our conduct, the principles of holiness; and when we remember that we receive the power to do this from that Being who is the centre of all perfection: that if we possess any moral beauty, we derive it all from him, and that there are beings far above us, and One who is mightier and more excellent than all; we should feel our own nothingness, and walk humbly before the Lord our God.

### THE WILD FLOWER.\*

A wild flower bloomed sweetly and alone near the path that led through a thickly wooded forest. The sunbeams shone through the opening that had been made for the traveler, and reflected beautifully upon its chalice, and the long stem on which it was suspended rose gracefully from the earth, and yielded with a gentle curve to the weight of its lovely burden. As the angel who has charge of the flowers passed along, one day, he thus addressed the lonely one: "Sweet child, I have long been charmed by thy modest and retiring loveliness, and I have thought of thy solitary hours: dost thou not wish to be transplanted from the spot which nature has assigned thee, and to mingle in the society of others of thy kind?"

"Ah, no!" replied the flower; "I would rather bloom where I first saw the light, and where I have been placed by maternal nature.

\* This apologue was published some time since; but several typographical errors then occurred, which are now corrected.

I am not alone, for I hear the singing of the birds; and the lofty forest trees whose branches are entwined above me, seem like guardian spirits sent to protect me from the rude blast, whose voice I hear far above me, but whose touch I have never yet felt."

The angel resumed: "But why should thy loveliness be concealed, and why should not thy modest and retiring beauty be contrasted with the more showy, but less attractive and enduring charms of thy blooming sisters? Thus thy gentle virtues might be reflected upon others."

The lovely flower again replied: "I find that I can be useful, even here. I cheer the lonely way of the traveler, who ever greets me with a smile; and as he passes by, I hear him say, 'Lovely stranger, bloom as thou hast done to beautify the solitary path;' and when he departs I feel happy in the consciousness of having made others so. I have no wish that is not already gratified. But should I be transplanted to another soil, and be removed from these forest shades, I would not repine if I could only enjoy the refreshing dew, and the light and warmth of the sun."

And as the angel vanished, he said, "Sweet contentment! offspring of a pure and gentle spirit, may thy dwelling be among the children of men."

Very soon the wild flower of the forest was discovered, and transplanted among the flowers of the garden; and it was valued more highly for its simple and unpretending loveliness, than the rarest and costliest exotics.

And when the angel again saw this sweet child of nature, he said: "It is right that true merit should be brought out of retirement. Modesty adds to the fascination of the most illustrious talents, and is itself a virtue which all are compelled to admire."

### TO A STREAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



BEAUTIFUL stream! O tell me  
why  
Thou murmurest all the day?  
Thy silver breast is a pillow  
Where the joyous sunbeams  
play;  
And the stars that shine in the  
glorious night,  
Come down on thy bosom to lie,  
And mingle their rays in thy fountain's  
gush—  
Then why dost thou murmur—why?

Oh! oft in the twilight I've o'er thee hung,  
And felt that a Naiad's care

Was feeding thy fount, and her spirit-love  
Tending thee every where.  
And I have called in my softest tone,  
And wooed her to come to me;  
But too well she loved thee, pining stream!  
To be for a moment free.

Then, beautiful stream! O tell me why  
Thou murmurest all the day?  
Thy silver breast is a pillow, where  
The joyous sunbeams play;  
And the stars that shine in the glorious night  
Come down on thy bosom to lie,  
And mingle their rays in thy fountain's gush—  
Then why dost thou murmur—why?

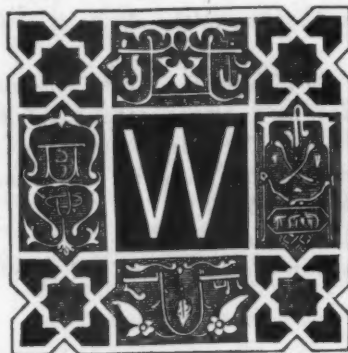
For Arthur's Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW WORK, NOW IN PRESS, CALLED,

## THE MAIDEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have in press a volume, by the editor of this magazine, entitled "*The Maiden*." It is intended as the first of a series of three books, by the same author, to be called "*The Maiden*," "*The Wife*," "*The Mother*," written with the view of exhibiting woman in these three conditions, under the trials and temptations that surround her, and showing how a love of truth and virtue makes for her a protecting sphere, guarding her safely through every danger. The writer of these volumes feels conscious that the task he has undertaken, is a difficult one, but he hopes, from an earnest desire to present leading principles of action for his countrywomen, that, in the execution of his design, he will not fail to interest, as well as elevate the minds of his readers. In the following extract, he has endeavored to contrast the different results of two modes of action—one, the exclusion of young people from public amusements of a certain kind; and the other, the accompanying of them to such exhibitions by their parents, with the design of drawing for them, clearly, the distinction between what is good and true, and evil and false, thus enabling them to see so clearly what are perversions of right principles, as to give them strength, in their own minds, to oppose and shun them. He may not have made this sufficiently clear. But every calm and unprejudiced thinker will, he is sure, see that the course pursued by the parents of Anna Lee was best.—ED.]



HAT in the world kept you away from Mrs. Leslie's," said a young friend and companion, about her own age, who called in to see Anna Lee, on the next day. Her name was Florence

Armitage. "We had a most delightful time. Every body was asking for you; and every body was disappointed at your absence. I was afraid you were sick, and called in to see. What *did* keep you away?"

"Mother was not well, and I did n't think it right to go and leave her."

"Was she very ill?"

"She had one of her violent attacks of headache, and was in bed nearly all day."

"I'm sorry. But did that keep you home?"

"Yes. The children were to look after, and I knew, if I were out of the way, and mother

not able to attend to them, that there would be trouble. Something, I was afraid, might occur to disturb her mind, and bring back her headache; and then she would have been sick all night. I would rather have missed a dozen parties than that should have happened."

Florence did not seem altogether satisfied that the mere fact of her mother's not being well, was a sufficient reason why Anna should forego the pleasure of company. But she did not say this; she only remained silent for a moment or two, and then began to speak of the delightful time they had had.

"I do n't know when I have spent a more pleasant evening," she said. "We missed you very much. And that is n't all. Your absence deprived us of the company of another, whose presence all would have welcomed; or, at least, it was the opinion of some of us that such was the case."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Anna.

"Of a certain young man."

The eyes of Anna fell to the floor for an instant. Then raising them to the face of her friend, she said,

"Speak out, Florence. Who do you mean?"



I know of no one who was absent on my account."

"O, yes you do."

"No, Florence."

"Mr. Gardiner was not there;" and as Florence said this, she looked at Anna with an arch smile.

The latter could not prevent a soft blush from stealing over her face, and her eyes were again cast upon the floor. Lifting them, however, after a thoughtful pause, she said to her friend, in a serious voice,

"Florence, are you sure that Mr. Gardiner was not there?"

"He came, it is true; but only staid a little while. It was almost as good as if he had n't been there at all."

"But you ought not to say that my absence kept him away."

"No. Only that your absence caused him to go away." This was laughingly said.

"You have no right to draw such an inference, Florence. I would much rather it should not be done. I am yet too young to have my name associated with that of any young man."

"What harm can it do, Anna? I am sure you need n't be ashamed to have your name mentioned with that of Herbert Gardiner. I certainly should not. I only wish he would take a fancy to me. Mother would have to have something worse than a sick headache to cause me to decline going to a party with him. Such a prize do n't go a begging every day."

"Why do you call him a prize?"

"Why?" And Florence looked really surprised at the question. "Why? Is n't he rich? Is n't he one of the most elegant and agreeable young men you have ever seen? I do n't think you can point out his equal. Try, now, and see if you can?"

"As to that, my acquaintance with young men is not very extensive. I am not prepared to make any comparisons. As I before said, I am yet too young to suffer my mind to become interested in these matters."

"How old are you, pray? Perhaps I have mistaken your age; are you fifteen, yet?" This was said laughingly.

"I believe I am about eighteen."

"It is n't possible! And too young to make comparisons between young men, or have a lover. Why, I'm not quite your age, and I have had two or three lovers. It's delightful!"

Anna shook her head.

"I know you like young Gardiner," continued the friend. "You can't help it. And

all I blame you for is, that you did n't go to Mrs. Leslie's with him, through thick and thin."

"And neglect a sick mother?"

"It was n't any serious matter, that you know. Only a sick headache. You could have gone well enough."

"Not with a clear conscience, Florence; and without that, I could not have been happy any where. External circumstances are nothing in the scale of happiness, if all be not right within. I can say from my heart, that I enjoyed myself far more at home than I could possibly have done at Mrs. Leslie's, no matter who was or was not there."

"You do n't deny, then, that you like young Gardiner?"

"I said nothing in regard to him. Why should I deny or affirm on the subject? I do n't know any thing about him. I have only seen him a few times in company; and I would be a weak one, indeed, either to think or wish myself beloved by a man who is almost a total stranger."

"He is no stranger. Does n't every one in the city know his family and standing?"

"But what do you or I know about him? Of his feelings, character, or principles?"

"You are a strange girl to talk, Anna."

"I think not. Is n't it of importance to know something of the governing principles of the man whose attentions we receive?—who is admitted, as you intimate, in the character of a lover?"

"Certainly. But, then, it is easy enough for any one to see, at a glance, what a young man is. I can do so. There is young Hartley, who tries to be so gracious with me. It is no hard matter to see what he is."

"How do you estimate him?"

"As a very narrow-minded person. I do n't like him at all."

"Why?"

"I have just said. Because he is narrow-minded."

"That is, you think so. Now, I differ in opinion, judging from the few opportunities I have had of observing him. I should call him a young man of strong, good sense; and one who could never stoop to a mean action."

"You do n't know him as well as I do."

"Perhaps not. As before intimated, I do not think much about the characters of young men."

"It seems you have thought about Hartley's character."

"My opinion of him is only one of those first impressions which are usually received by

us all. I have met him some three or four times, and in every conversation I have had with him, I have been pleased to remark a strong regard for truth and honor; and a generous feeling towards every one, except those who deliberately do wrong."

"But he is mean, I am sure."

"How?"

"Narrow minded, as I have said. Penurious, if you please."

"As to the latter, I have no means of judging. How do you know it?"

Florence thought a moment, and then said—

"I will tell you. Fanny Ellsler, you remember, was here three or four weeks ago. A few of us girls were dying to see her, and we hatched up a plot among ourselves, that we would make some of our gentlemen acquaintances take us to the theatre."

"Why Florence!" ejaculated Anna, in grave astonishment.

"To be sure we did! You need n't look moon struck about it. Where is the harm, I wonder? Well! I talked at Hartley until I was downright ashamed of myself, but the mean fellow would n't take. Sarah Miller had no trouble at all with Mr. Granger. She had only to turn the conversation upon Ellsler, and then express a strong desire to see her, to be invited at once. Harriet Jones did the same with young Erskin, and all was settled to her heart's content. But I tried my best, and Hartley would n't understand me."

"What did he say?" asked Anna, curious to learn how the young man had received such a strange application—for such it really was.

"Oh!" tossing her head, "he affected to disapprove the attendance of young ladies at the theatre—at least while these public dancers were exhibiting themselves."

"My father thinks very much as he does."

"As to that, so does mine. But I do n't agree with him in all his opinions. He's like a great many other old people; old fashioned in his notions, and full of prejudice against modern improvements."

"But, would you have gone to see Fanny Ellsler dance against your father's wishes?"

"Would I? Certainly I would, and did."

"Florence!"

"Certainly. If I were to do only as he thought and said, I would have to give up all pleasure. Hartley would n't take me, and so I tried Mr. Archer, who did n't need a second hint."

"Not William Archer?"

"Yes."

"Did you really go to the theatre with William Archer?"

"I did."

"My dear friend," said Anna Lee, with a look of deep regret, laying her hand upon the arm of her young and thoughtless companion, "how could you be so unguarded?—how could you be so imprudent? I need not tell you that his character is very bad."

"With that, you know, I have nothing to do. I merely went to see Fanny Ellsler with him, and was much obliged to him for taking me. His character, good or bad, can have no effect upon me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; very sure. What effect could it have?"

"Apart from the friendly feelings you may have entertained for a bad man, which are always more or less injurious to an innocent minded woman, you have placed yourself in a position which may cause you to be lightly spoken about by those who do not know you. Whenever a woman appears at any place of public amusement with a man of notoriously bad character, she becomes, in a degree, tainted. Light things are said about her, and she no longer holds that position in the minds of truly virtuous persons that she did before."

"You speak from the book. How do you know all this?"

"I have heard my mother say as much, and in her judgment I have great confidence. Besides, it is a truth that must be apparent on the least reflection."

"Oh, as to that, I have heard my mother say such things a hundred times over. But I let them go in at one ear and out at the other. These old people think it necessary to give line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a good deal, to us giddy young things, as if we had no more sense than little children, and were blind as bats."

"I think you are wrong to talk so. I am very careful never to do any thing against my mother's opinion of right."

"Does your mother approve of the theatre?"

"Not in its present state."

"Have you never been there?"

"O yes. Several times."

"Indeed! And against your father and mother's opinion as to its being a proper place for young ladies."

"No—for I was not made fully acquainted with their views on the subject, until after I had been for a few times."

"Who went with you?"

"My father and mother."

Florence lifted her hands in astonishment.

"Your father and mother take you to the



theatre! Goodness! Mine would as soon take me to my grave."

"Are they not aware of the fact that you went to see Fanny Ellsler?"

"They? No indeed! And I would n't have them find it out for the world. It would almost kill them. They would think I was ruined completely."

"Such being the case, Florence, I cannot but say, that I think you have done a double wrong—first, in deceiving your excellent father and mother, and next in going to the theatre with a man whom every pure minded woman should shun with horror."

"In that we may differ in opinion. But, there is one thing that I do n't exactly understand," replied Florence Armitage; "and that is, how your father and mother could take you to the theatre when they disapprove of theatrical representations."

"No—do n't misunderstand them. They do not disapprove of scenic representations, in the abstract, but of theatres as now conducted. If the stage, I have heard my father say, were only made an accessory to virtue, it would be all-powerful for good, because principles are seen and felt more clearly and distinctly when in ultimates, that is, when brought out into their lowest and fullest plane of activity; or, in other words, personified."

"But still I do not understand how your father could take you to the theatre as it is, when he disapproves of it."

"I can explain that. He knew that I must hear the stage alluded to—he knew that my imagination must be excited by glowing representations of its attractions, and he feared that, possibly, I might be tempted to do as you have done."

"How?"

"Go without a parent's knowledge."

"Well, never mind that. Go on."

"He, therefore, determined to go with me himself, to guard me from evil. To go with me himself, and point out the perversions of the drama so clearly, that I might see them myself, and from a rational conviction shun their false allurements."

"And did he succeed? Could you see the evil he was so anxious to point out?"

"Clearly. It was as plain to my eyes as a dark spot in the beautiful azure of heaven."

"Indeed! I must have been blind then, for I could never see it."

"And my vision might have been obscured, had not there been one by my side to take the mist from my eyes."

"What great evil did you discover?"

"I saw that vice and crime were too often made attractive, instead of being condemned. Let me give an instance. On one occasion my father took me to see the opera of *Fra Diavalo*."

"Were you not delighted?"

"I was very much pleased. The music of the piece is exquisite. Some of the choruses have haunted me ever since."

"And were you not struck with the bold bearing, the nobility, if I may so speak, of *Fra Diavalo* himself?"

"I must confess that my sympathies were too much with him, and that, when he was circumvented and killed at last, I was disappointed. On returning home, my father said—'How were you pleased, Anna?'"

"'Oh, I was delighted,' I replied."

"'Do you think that representation, aided by such noble music, calculated to inspire any heart with a love of virtue?'"

"This was putting a new face upon the matter. Such a thought had not once occurred to me."

"'The Brigand's song was *encored*, were you pleased to hear it again?'"

"'Yes,' I replied."

"'Did your mind revolt at the sentiments?'"

"'No,' I answered."

"'Why?' he continued."

"'It was the music, I suppose, that made even cruel words, and a boast of evil deeds, pleasant.'"

"'Yes, that was it, aided by the external attractions of beautiful scenery, and a gay company apparently filled with delight at the brigand's rehearsal of his valiant achievements.'"

"'Do you think it good to feel such pleasure at witnessing the representation of evil?' asked my father."

"'I could not but answer, 'no.'"

"'Suppose,' he continued, 'that the spirited air just alluded to, had been sung to true and elevating sentiments—to a national song, for instance, inspiring the heart with a love of country—would not every one who heard it, and in whose memory it fixed itself, as a familiar friend, feel a deeper love of his country than he had ever known before? Extend it farther. You, doubtless, felt an emotion of pain when the brigand lost his life. That is; you regretted to see a robber and murderer receive the just reward of his deeds, for all the charms of music, scenery, and inspiring circumstances, had led your mind away into an over-mastering sympathy with a bold brigand. How much better, had the hero of the opera been a true nobleman of nature; one who sought the good of his fellows; one who could perform



deeds of daring—could be bold and brave and noble in the cause of virtue. No harm, but great good would result from such representations. The stage would be the handmaid of morality and religion, if pledged to virtue, as it now, alas! seems pledged to vice. You understand, my child, I hope, why I think it is not good for young persons to visit the theatre, as it now is?"

"I could not but approve all my father had said. His remarks opened up to my mind a new view. He had given me a standard by which to estimate the stage, and I could now determine its quality for myself. And I do determine it, and pronounce its tendency to be downward, and its effects injurious to young minds."

"Really! you meet the whole matter in the broadest manner. Then, you think, there is no good whatever in the stage as it now is?"

"If there were no good at all—if all were evil in scenic representations as they are now conducted—my father says, and it seems reasonable, they would no longer be permitted to exist in the order of Providence. There cannot be such a thing, he says, as mere gratuitous evil; that is, evil which is not permitted, in order to elevate some from lower degrees of depravity, or to prevent them sinking into deeper moral obscurity. In all the representations of real life that we see upon the stage, we find something that is good; something that impresses the mind with the beauty of truth and virtue—something that makes us think of God as a divine guide and protector. Take, for instance, in the opera just alluded to, that portion of the chamber scene in which Zerlina murmurs a prayer in her sleep, and the hand of the assassin, already raised to strike her innocent breast, is stayed, and the wretch shrinks away in trembling consciousness that He to whom that prayer was sweetly breathed, even in sleep, was present. That was good. It was a boldly redeeming point, and could not fail to make a due impression on every mind. Have you seen *Fra Diavolo*?"

"O yes."

"You remember the scene?"

"Yes. It is more distinctly impressed upon my mind than any other."

"How were you affected by it?"

"Not pleasantly."

"Why?"

"It caused me to recollect, too distinctly, that I was at that very moment acting directly in opposition to the wishes of my father and mother; that I could not now pray, as I had once prayed in earlier years, that God would watch over me while in sleep."

"You can now understand, I am sure, what I mean by the balancing good yet to be found on the stage."

"Yes, Anna, I do," Florence said, after a silence of nearly a minute. She spoke in a voice that was slightly touched with sadness. "And from my heart, I wish that my parents had laid aside a portion of their prejudice, and taken me to the theatre as yours did you, and then as carefully lifted my mind up and enabled me to see the good and evil so intimately blended, as they doubtless are. You have been often, you say?"

"Yes. That is a half a dozen times, perhaps?"

"Did you see Ellsler?"

"No."

"I think you would have been delighted with her dancing. It was truly, the poetry of motion."

"I did not wish to see her."

"Why?"

"I have witnessed stage dancing."

"Who did you see?"

"Celeste."

"Ah! I wanted to see her badly. But no one invited me to go. How did you like her?"

"There was a charming grace and ease in all her motions; and some of her pantomimic performances were admirable. But, my cheek burned the whole time. Could a modest woman expose her person as she did? No.—Nor could a truly modest woman look upon such an exposure without a feeling of deep shame and humiliation."

"But crowds of the most respectable women went to see her night after night. She could not have exposed her person more than Fanny Ellsler did, and yet I saw present Mrs. L—, and Miss T—, and Mrs. S— and dozens of virtuous women, and no cheek was covered with blushes of shame. Indeed, every body was delighted with the creature's airy and sylph-like motions. No one thought of the exposure you allude to?"

"Did n't you think of it?"

"Yes, perhaps I did."

"And so did others. Would you be willing to expose yourself as she did, in a drawing room filled with gentlemen and ladies?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I should n't be willing to exhibit myself under any circumstances."

"Suppose your friend Mary Gaston, were to dress herself in short clothes, and flourish about in a company of men and women after the

fashion of Fanny Ellsler, would you approve of it? Would n't you blush with shame?"

"I think I should."

"Is the fact of the exposure any different because it is made under the different circumstances now presented? I think you will not say so. Depend upon it, the way in which stage dancing is now conducted, is but a tribute to an impure and perverted taste, and no woman,

in my opinion, can look upon it with pleasure, without parting with a portion of woman's purest and most holy feelings."

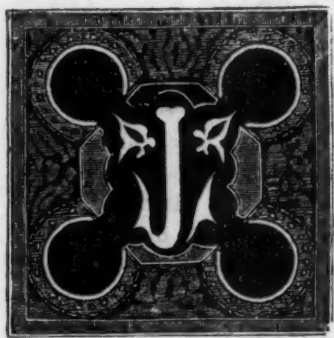
"If you were to say so to some persons that I know, you would offend them," Florence said, in a more subdued tone than any in which she had yet spoken.

"I could not help that. I believe all I say, from my heart."

For Arthur's Magazine.

## A VIRGINIA FOX-HUNT.

(See Plate.)



JUST as the sun was setting, one cold, November afternoon, I drove up, during a short and pleasant sojourn in the Old Dominion, to the house of my fox-hunting friend, Wilson. I had

been, for the last ten miles of my ride, facing a keen north-wester, and, at the aspect of the kind old man's hospitable mansion, experienced something of what one might suppose to be the feelings of a tempest-driven mariner as a smooth and comfortable harbor heaves up before him. A warmly clad, round-faced, happy looking negro boy, whose white teeth, in strong contrast with his ebony skin, shone like pearls, opened the gate for me. When I passed through, the ponderous machine fell back, against its heavy posts, with a crash that brought forth from their kennels about a dozen wretched looking hounds, which set up a horrible barking and yelping about my tired horse, very much, apparently, to his dissatisfaction. In an instant the door of the house was open, and a stout, jolly, rubicund visaged old man, made his appearance, and the voice of a Stentor was added to the din.

"Hah! will you, Blucher! off with you, Minos! Never mind the brutes, Roland; they would n't bark in this manner, if they intended

to bite. Here, Cæsar! take this horse; give him a good rubbing down, d' ye hear, and plenty of corn, you young rascal! How are you, Roland, my boy?" he continued, seizing me by the hand as soon as he came within reach, with a grasp that made my fingers tingle again. "Come, get down—you're the man of all others I wanted to see just at this particular moment—Tom, bring in some more wood and make that fire burn, boy, as if old Nick were at your back."

Before I could utter half a dozen sentences, I found myself in a capacious arm chair, before a blazing hickory fire, divested of hat, cloak and boots, with my half-frozen feet encased in a pair of comfortable cloth slippers.

"Roland, my lad, I have just been thinking of you; just wishing you would make your appearance and here you are. Crampton came down, to-day, with his fine pack of dogs, and to-morrow, all things propitious, we are going to have a royal chase. We hunted a red fox last week for two days in succession, but he gave us the slip. I know the rascal's present location, though, and if we do n't have his brush, before to-morrow night, my name's not Wilson. You have never been on a fox-hunt you say?"

"Never."

"Well, then, we'll show you a new phase in life. Cæsar, how does Charley look to-night; think he'll stand a hard ride to-morrow?"

"Ah! dat he will, master—Charley's true blue, sar."

"That's the animal for you, Roland. It will take no great stretch of imagination to believe yourself in a cradle when you are on his back; and, when he hears the pack open, you need n't give yourself any trouble about spurs."

My friend was a bachelor, but his household affairs were superintended by a clean, tidy, bustling old negress who had busied herself, whilst we were talking, in drawing out into the middle of the room, a capacious table, upon which a snow white cloth was laid, and soon covered with luxuries, in the way of smoking batter cakes and hot coffee, that would have tempted an anchorite. My appetite, after the cold ride I had just taken, needed no additional whetting, I assure you, reader, and the viands disappeared under the action of my efficient grinders with a rapidity sufficient to have thrown Mrs. Trolloppe into hysterics. An hour or two spent in pleasant chat brought nine o'clock and, as we were to turn out, at the first peep of the coming day, we concluded to do the rest of our talking, after we had robbed old "Dan Russell" of his caudal appendage.

It seemed to me as if I had just pulled the white sheets over my head when I was galloping away, over hedges, ditches and fences, after a shadowy pack of yelling hounds with a little red-coated animal just in advance of them. He seemed, however, always to preserve, without much apparent effort, the same distance between himself and pursuers, turning toward them, from time to time, his bewiskered visage, upon which played a most contemptuous expression. At last, in perfect despair of overtaking him in fair pursuit, and seeing a favorable opportunity of heading him off, I resorted to the ignoble expedient of cutting across a field as he doubled, and, in a few minutes, had him almost under my horse's feet. I was just exulting over my prospect of success when I felt myself seized, from behind, by a powerful hand, and dragged backward from the saddle, whilst a hoarse voice shouted in my ear with rising emphasis:

"Mass' Roland! mass' Roland! Cum sar, wake up, sar; de hosses is ready and it's arter day break sar."

"Shade of Cæsar, I obey."

When I came down, I found my worthy host in the yard, scattering some dry corn meal to the dogs, which devoured this scanty fare with an avidity that seemed to indicate a half starved condition. As this was so little in accordance with the character of my friend, who was proverbial for the abundant supply of provisions with which he furnished every living thing on his place, I could not help asking in surprise why

it was he fed the animals, from whom he expected such a hard day's work, so sparingly."

"Ah! Roland," said he, "you are little acquainted, I perceive, with the 'habits' of the fox hound. Give these shivering, lazy looking fellows a good breakfast now, and our hunt would be over for the day. Like a Scotchman, and unlike an Englishman, a hound is in best condition for service, when his stomach is empty."

The feeding was soon over, and the dogs slunk off in different directions, some actually leaning against the house for support and all looking as if it would take some coaxing, with a good whip, to start them out of a walk. As I gazed upon these lifeless, sluggish, miserable looking animals, one of which I had just observed, lying before the hot fire, in the dining room, howling with pain as the increasing blaze singed his hair and scorched his hide, but too lazy to move till he was kicked out of his uncomfortable situation, I must confess I felt little surprise that our friend reynard had laughed at their two days' exertions, and I had sundry misgivings that we should make our way back in the evening, as trophiless as we were about to set out.

Our preparations were speedily made and we were soon on our way to the place of rendezvous, which we reached before any of the rest of our company. A white frost covered the ground, fences, and house tops, the strong wind of the previous evening had died away and it was perfectly calm. The air was still quite sharp, and the ground stiffly frozen, but there was every indication of a slight thaw when the sun rose. This state of the weather seemed to be very satisfactory to my friend, who declared, from time to time, that such a day for sport had never dawned. We did not wait long before we saw Mr. Crampton, to whom my friend had alluded on the previous evening, accompanied by five or six other gentlemen, all well mounted, coming down the road at a brisk trot. They had about twenty dogs with them, most of which presented an appearance about as promising as those which composed my friend's pack; a combined force, it struck me, sufficient, especially in their present half-starved condition, to have eaten up a score or two of foxes, hide, hair and all. As soon as greetings were interchanged we set off for the place where it was supposed we should find the fox. This cover, as it was called by my companions, was a plain, containing about nine square miles, and was covered with a thick growth of pines, some four or five feet in height. This, a few years before, had been a cornfield, but, owing to a bad system of cultivation, had lain waste till the latent germs



of the pine, which fill every inch of soil in this country, had come into activity and taken undisturbed possession. Several horse paths intersected the thicket, which was otherwise almost inaccessible to any animal larger than a dog.

It was the duty of two or three of our party to urge the dogs into the cover and, by a variety of indescribable shouts, halloos, and ejaculations, to excite them to some kind of exertion. The remainder of the company, amongst which was Mr. Wilson, near whom, as I was a novice in the sport, I determined to keep as closely as possible, took their stand in the road, on the side of which, opposite to the cover, was a forest of pine trees growing tolerably close together, but with little under growth. The dogs, in a short time, pushed on by their persevering drivers, had scattered themselves about in the thicket, and I watched the proceedings with much interest. The whole of our party remained silent and in listening attitudes; even the horses we rode, as if they were aware of what was going on, stood motionless. From time to time a short, careless bark which seemed to excite but little interest in my companions, would break forth from some one of the dogs. Suddenly as one of these sounds reached us, in which the rest seemed to distinguish some peculiarity not perceptible to myself, a hurried whispering took place and then all again became silent. A few minutes passed, when Crampton cried out:

"There goes Music again, Wilson and that dog never sings without some reason, I tell you. There! listen! he has struck a cold trail, as sure as a gun; we'll hear from him again before long, or I'm much mistaken."

I thought, at that moment, I distinguished a sound which might be imperfectly described as between a half bark and anxious whine, differing from the short, careless bark of the other dogs. This was soon repeated more frequently, gradually growing more distant; now, it neared again, and, suddenly, changed into a full, deep, continuous, metallic baying.

"He's up—there he goes!" cried Wilson, listening with breathless attention.

As he spoke, a dozen similar sounds were added to that which we first heard, and the rest of the pack appeared to be drawing near to one point; at which, in a few minutes, the whole number of dogs joined in full chorus. Then, for the first time, I heard the indescribable cry of a pack of hounds in full chase; no words can give any idea to the mind of one who has never experienced it, of the almost uncontrollable excitement it produces. The noble animal I

was riding, shared the infection which pervaded our whole company, and struggled fiercely to free himself from my firm grasp.

"There he is, boys!" cried Wilson.

Turning toward the spot he indicated, I saw the fox issue from the cover and pass across the road. He was not running, but moved along at a quick, stealthy trot. I was just about dashing forward after him, when Wilson detained me.

"Stop one moment," said he, "and you will witness a sight, such as has never fallen under your eyes before; besides, you had better spare your horse now, as we'll have enough for him to do before sundown."

Judging from the cry of the hounds, and the time which elapsed from the moment we saw the fox, till they crossed the road, they must have been more than a mile distant from him when they first came upon his trail. They drew near very rapidly, and, about twenty yards distant from the path taken by the fox, three dogs, with their noses close to the ground, swept across the road, giving mouth at each jump.

"There go Music and Whistler," shouted Crampton.

"And Minos, too!" cried Wilson; "go it my old fellow!"

About twenty yards behind these three leaders came the whole of the rest of the pack, together, yelling in full chorus. I could scarcely believe it possible that the dogs which were now rushing onward, at the top of their speed, full of life, activity and beauty, could be the same beggarly animals which composed the pack that drooped about my friend's yard, in the morning. It was spirit-stirring to see these animals, now dashing on, without any visible object of pursuit, regardless of all obstacles. I could no longer withstand the flood of excitement which was carrying me away, in spite of all my efforts; and, giving free rein to the willing animal under me, was soon dashing at full speed through the wood, dodging, as if by instinct, projecting limbs, which threatened to dash out my brains, and clinging with convulsive grasp to the sides of my horse, to maintain my seat, as he scraped me through thickets of scrub pines. I looked back for a moment when I reached an open field, and trembled at the risks of that mad ride; yet I did no more than the rest of my companions, and no more than is done every day, by hundreds who engage in the same sport. As soon as I got out into the field, the hounds were again in full view, but the fox was not to be seen. The three dogs we first saw still kept in advance of

the rest of the pack; they all drew near another thicket, which bounded the open plain, and disappeared. I drew up to take breath, and my companions were soon at my side. We stopped here, and determined to wait the return of the fugitive, as the red fox rarely ever runs more than nine or ten miles in a straight direction. This indeed, is a long stretch. The gray fox, which is more abundant in some parts of Eastern Virginia, never runs so far. Suddenly the cry of the dogs ceased; they seemed to be separated and at intervals, only, an angry, impatient bark was heard.

"At fault!" cried Wilson; "I'll bet my life the fellow has taken the back track, and thrown them off."

"What do you mean," I asked, "by his having taken the back track?"

"These foxes, Roland, have no undeserved reputation for cunning. This fellow, after having run straight forward for several miles, has turned short about, and performed what would seem a very perilous manœuvre; that of running back toward the dogs. But old Reynard knows what he is doing; when he came back about a quarter of a mile, he turned short off at right angles, made a circuit, and is now, I have n't the least doubt, on his way to his starting place. The dogs dash right on, without discovering this new trail, and, suddenly, at the place where he first turned, they find that they have lost the scent. When this occurs, a well trained pack will scatter themselves in every direction, as you may now perceive that our dogs have done; as soon as one falls upon the new trail, he gives mouth to that peculiar note which indicates a fresh scent, upon which the rest of the dogs instantaneously join him, and they are off again. I have known this manœuvre to be repeated several times by the same fox in one chase. But on this occasion they will soon get straight again; for, listen! there goes old Minos! and when he utters that cry you may be sure he's near a fresh trail."

"But how do you know that the dog we now hear is Minos? I am unable to discover any difference between his note and that of the other dogs."

"Bless me, Roland, I can just as readily tell you the name of each one of my dogs, if he opens his mouth, when a whole pack is in full cry, as a man can tell the voice of his own wife amongst a dozen females, all talking at the same moment. But come, the dogs are all in, and we must be off again."

Four times did the fox carry us over very nearly the same route, and the dogs and horses were becoming very much jaded. Several of

the puppies had left the pack, and were now skulking about our horses' heels. We caught a glimpse of the fox about three o'clock; he still seemed to move without much effort, but his stealthy trot of the morning was somewhat quickened. The dogs had gained upon him, and the indefatigable Music, Minos, and Whistler, had increased the distance between themselves and the rest of the pack, the greater portion of which continued, however, to run steadily. I could not but look with astonishment on the power of endurance exhibited both by pursued and pursuers. This time the fox took a longer stretch, and carried us to the shores of a river in the neighborhood, near which he doubled several times, a sure indication that he was becoming fatigued. About an hour after, as we reached the top of the river bank, extending from which, toward a forest, was a wide plain. Just at the edge of the wood we caught sight of the little animal, now running with all his force, and the three leading dogs almost upon him. Both the dogs and the fugitive seemed making a last desperate effort, and I felt sure that the fox could not hold out a moment longer; but, worn out as he was, he succeeded in reaching the thick undergrowth of the forest and, gaining a little on his pursuers, made a circuit toward the mouth of a deep ravine, which, a little in advance of the place where he entered the wood, ran up from the river. Here he was completely caught in a trap, for the banks, at the head of the ravine, were almost perpendicular, and at least forty feet in height. By this time a number of the other dogs had gained upon the three leaders, and I reached the top of the bank at the head of the ravine just as they entered. The poor little animal succeeded in reaching the place just below where I was standing, and made a desperate attempt to rush up the bank toward me, seeming to regard me with less apprehension than his ruthless pursuers. But his little remaining strength failed; and I shall never forget the agonizing, imploring look he cast up to me, as if for succor, when he felt the soft clay yielding under his feet. I would gladly have rescued him, then, but it was almost out of human power to have saved him from the maddened animals below. He made another desperate struggle, succeeded in getting up seven or eight feet, and then fell—before he reached the ground, he was torn into a hundred pieces. I turned away with a sickening sensation. At this moment, it seemed a sport unworthy of men, to set such great odds upon a little animal, furnished by nature with no means of defence.

Much to Wilson's surprise, I told him, as I took leave, the next day, that I was perfectly satisfied with this day's experience, and had re-

solved that this, although it was my first, should be my last fox hunt.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## POVERTY.

BY ONE WHO HAS ENDURED IT.



POVERTY! about which poets have sung, philosophers written, and statesmen harangued. Poverty! in praise of which, clergymen have preached, and fine ladies indulged in laudatory orations. Poverty! is my theme. Not that I agree with either poets, philosophers, statesmen, clergymen, or ladies; on the contrary I firmly believe that the beauties which they discover as appertaining unto poverty, exist only in their too vivid imaginations; that its charms are visible only at a distance, and that, like the mirage of the desert, when more nearly approached, all its beauteous colors and rainbow tints, vanish, leaving nothing but a barren and desolate waste, unenlivened by a solitary shrub to refresh the eye of the toil worn traveller. Oh! those travellers, weary and forlorn, that drag their heavy way over sandy deserts of poverty, with naught but dreary prospects on every side, where the sun of hope rarely shines, and the gloom of despair has become almost universal. Could they but unbosom their sorrows—could the wealthy speculators upon their wants and wishes, realize but for an instant the misery they endure, abstract speculation would be exchanged for active exertion, and energetic efforts would be made to relieve their distress.

Poverty and wealth are terms in common and daily use under somewhat different meanings than that which they really possess. Relative degrees of income, whereby we estimate poverty and wealth, is a fallacious standard. Although the simple fact of possessing a large income is

supposed to constitute wealth, and a small one poverty, truth teaches us a very different conclusion. Wealth exists only where the wants and wishes are within the means—poverty being the converse thereof. A man who has an income of ten thousand per annum, spending, or wishing to spend, twelve or thirteen thousand is essentially a poor man; on the contrary, an income of five hundred possessed by one whose wants are gratified by an expenditure of only four, is real, bona fide wealth. It is not every inmate of a splendid mansion that is rich; all who live luxuriously are not wealthy; many an humble individual enjoys greater wealth in a cottage than his neighbor does in a mansion.

A halo has been thrown around poverty by the many eulogies bestowed by poets upon that humble portion of the community, in which the greatest degree thereof is supposed to exist.

The wealthy, too, with a view to render the struggling poor man contented—to induce him patiently to continue his struggles—contentedly to starve—have ever expressed admiration of humble life, but given the lie to their asserted admiration, by most tenaciously holding on to their wealth.

There are many grades of poverty, each so miserable, that it is difficult to say which class most excites commiseration. The laboring man, whose life has been spent in physical toil, which, though continued early and late, has barely afforded himself and family an existence; time has so inured him to his burden, so dulled his sensitiveness, that in the end he bears privations with scarcely a consciousness that they are such. The wealthy man of yesterday, who by folly or misfortune, is made the poor one of to-day—suddenly, at “one



fell swoop" deprived of every thing and left a beggar,—then there is the man in middle life whose career has been one long struggle with hard fortune, who never could succeed, but has lived on, day after day, in the vain hope of doing so, until even his hope fails.

Oh! how we weary of the affected cant with which many of the affluent speak of the comparative degrees of happiness enjoyed by themselves and their poorer neighbors,—how can the really and absolutely poor be happy? Can a man, who sees his family want, know happiness?

Can an honest man, who is unable to pay his debts, be happy? Does not poverty wear out the spirit—destroy the energy—blight the affections—almost eradicate the better feeling of our nature? and can happiness exist in such an atmosphere? There is enough wealth in the

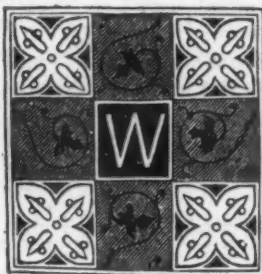
world for all its inhabitants, were it only more equally divided, though an equal distribution of property is inconsistent with the nature of man, for were it to be made one day, it would not remain in the same state an hour. But a more equal distribution than that which now exists is by no means an impossible achievement. If the wealthy would only bear in mind, that they will have to render up a strict account of all that has been entrusted to their care, that the worm of conscious wrong doing will, one day, perpetually torture them for their selfish indifference to the destitution of others, then distress and famine would be arrested in their gaunt progress, the starving wretch would obtain food for his body and rest for his mind, and nine tenths of the misery which now runs riot in the world, would be driven from it forever.

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THE BIRTHDAYS.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

"There are no more birthdays for us to keep now."



WHEN the blight of death  
on our fairest flower,  
Nourished with tenderest  
care,  
Falls with its chill, resist-  
less power,  
And shrouds us in grief  
from that very hour;  
In darkness, almost de-  
spair;

How we miss the voice like a music tone,  
The smiles, in the grave all perished,  
And, fain in our anguish, would prostrate fall  
Mourning in bitterness, past recall,  
The dreams we had vainly cherished.

Oh! we never knew what a real grief was,

12\*

'Till our angel-one was taken;  
When we felt that our hearts' best love was lost  
On the wild waves of the dark world tost,  
For the first time, all forsaken.

But we will miss her more sadly still,  
As the year brings round its store,  
Of the glad anniversaries she would be  
The first to greet—oh! how tenderly,  
Those sweet remembrancers we must see  
No more—alas! no more.

'There are no more birthdays for us to keep,"  
As we older and wiser grow;  
She is gone whose love was their brightest gem;  
She can no more remember them,  
How can we keep them now?

For Arthur's Magazine.

## THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER V.



ABOUT one year previous to the opening of our story, on a stormy night in November, Doctor Milnor, a physician of some eminence, residing in Nashville, Tennessee, who had

drawn up before a comfortable fire, in the midst of his family, was told that a young girl wanted to see him in his office.

"Oh, I hope you won't have to go out, father," said a bright eyed little maiden, not over twelve, "you hardly ever spend a whole evening with us."

"And it storms so," added a younger child, looking serious.

"If you should not have a very urgent call, put off the visit until to-morrow morning," remarked Mrs. Milnor.

"O yes, do, father," said one of the children.

"I'll tell you all what I will do," returned the doctor, smiling as he arose, "after I have seen by whom and for what I am wanted."

Doctor Milnor left the room and went into his office. There he found a slender, timid looking girl, who seemed not over fifteen or sixteen years of age. She arose from a chair as he entered; and, as she did so, turned her face to the light, and he saw that her features were soft and delicate, and that her face was pale, and its expression anxious. He did not remember that he had ever met her before.

"Well, my dear," the kind physician said, in a mild, encouraging voice; "do you wish to see me for any thing very particular?"

The stranger hesitated a moment, and said, timidly,

"My father is very sick."

And then looked earnestly in his face, as if half afraid to prefer a request that he would visit him.

"Who is your father?"

"Mr. Gray."

"Where does he live?"

"In — street, not far from here."

"Mr Gray? I do n't remember him: But, is there any thing serious the matter? How long has he been sick?"

"He has n't been well for a great while. But he has been so much worse for a week past, that mother is afraid, unless something is done for him, that he will not—"

The girl's voice trembled, so that she did not venture to utter the word that was on her tongue.

"Do n't you know the nature of the disease of which he is suffering?"

"He has a bad cough, and gets thinner, and paler, and weaker every day."

"Is he much worse, just now?"

"O yes, sir. A great deal worse."

"Worse since when?"

"Since yesterday. He got very wet in the rain, and has had fever and pains all over him. To-night he coughs all the while, and can hardly get his breath. You will come to see him, doctor, to-night, won't you?"

A man even less feeling and less conscientious in the discharge of his duty than Dr. Milnor, could not have hesitated a moment to comply with the almost imploring request of that young girl to visit her father.

"Yes, I will go with you at once," he replied.

"Sit down for a few moments, until I get myself ready."

"You won't have to go out to-night, father?" said Mrs. Milnor, looking up into her husband's face, as he entered the family sitting-room, bright with happy countenances. The children's faces all expressed their hope that he would not be obliged to leave them.

"Yes," he replied. "Duty calls me, and I must go."

"But is the call an urgent one? The night is cold and stormy."

"Not too cold nor stormy to prevent a poor young girl from braving the rain and wind for the sake of her sick father."

"Who is she?" asked one of the children, her sympathies at once aroused.

"I do not know. But she has a sweet young

face, and from its paleness and anxiety, I should say that trouble has visited her heart too early. But, she is waiting for me, and I must n't linger here."

So, taking a light, Doctor Milnor went up to his room, and prepared himself to go out. It was but a short time before he joined the waiting girl in his office.

"My dear child," he said to her, now contrasting his own warm and heavy cloak with the thin shawl that was wrapped around her shoulders, "you have come out too thinly clad for so cold and stormy a night."

The girl did not reply, but moved towards the door, as if thinking, not of herself and the storm, but of her sick father. Doctor Milnor followed her, and they were soon moving down the street in the driving rain. They went on in silence, the girl all the way a few steps in advance of the doctor, notwithstanding he kept quickening his pace, to keep up with her. In about five minutes they stopped at one of a half dozen mean looking houses, in which none but the very poor lived. A rap quickly brought a middle aged woman to the door. The doctor and his companion entered.

"This is my mother, doctor," said the latter, as soon as the door was closed, speaking with a graceful ease that surprised the physician. Nor was he less surprised to find in the mother a lady-like manner, that bespoke one of polished education.

"I have sent for you, doctor," she said, "to see my husband, who is, I fear, dangerously ill. He ought to have had medical aid earlier; but we are—"

The woman's voice choked, and she turned away her head to hide her feelings.

The doctor remained silent until she recovered herself, and said,

"We have not felt able to call in a physician, and from that cause, I fear, my husband's complaint has been allowed to go on too long."

"How long has he been sick," asked the doctor.

"His health has been failing for some years. But, he has taken cold, and is now very ill, indeed."

"Shall I see him?"

"If you please, doctor. Walk up stairs."

Doctor Milnor ascended a narrow pair of uncarpeted stairs, and entered a small chamber. Its furniture was of the poorest kind; yet all was neat. A faint light showed him a man lying upon a bed, with but a thin sheet over him, although there was no fire in the room, and the air was chilly. His breathing was very labored, for, with each inhalation of air, there was a strong motion of the whole body. His large eyes glistened as he turned them upon the doctor, who at once approached the bedside, and taking a chair, placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient.

"Have you any pain?" he asked, after about a minute.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In all my limbs, but particularly in my chest."

"You are oppressed in breathing?"

"O yes. I draw every breath with difficulty."

The doctor sat silent for some time, with his eyes fixed intently upon the man's emaciated countenance. He was about to ask some further questions, when the patient began to cough violently. The paroxysm continued for nearly a minute, and left him completely exhausted, and panting as if he would suffocate.

The hoarse voice of the sick man, his deep, hollow sounding cough, the pearly lustre of his large eyes, the cadaverous paleness of his whole visage, with the exception of circumscribed red spots on his cheeks, the thinness of his hair, which had evidently been falling for some time, and the violence of the fever, with deep-seated pains and oppressed breathing, spoke to the physician a too distinct language. The sick man, as he grew calm after the fit of coughing, looked intently into his face. He understood the meaning of his look, and turned his head, with a feeling of sadness, away. In his mind there was no hope for the invalid. The disease, exacerbated by the violent cold which had been taken on the day before, was rapidly advancing towards a fatal termination. He might arrest it, temporarily, by medicine; though even of this he was doubtful.

After sitting for a short time longer, he wrote a prescription.

"This will give you relief," he said; "take one of the powders every hour until you are better. In the morning I will see you again."

The prescription was a mere palliative.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Gray, after the physician had left the sick room, looking anxiously at him, as she spoke. "what do you think of him?"

"He is a sick man, madam. But I think, after he takes the medicine I have ordered, he will become easier and have a good night's rest."

"Do you think it is—?"

"I will see your husband to-morrow morning, madam," said Doctor Milnor, interrupting the woman. "I can judge of his case much better than I can now. The cold he has taken has increased all the ordinary symptoms of his disease."

And with this he bowed and withdrew.

## CHAPTER VI.

"LET me go at once for the medicine," said the daughter, the moment Doctor Milnor had closed the door after him.

"Yes, dear. But—"

And the mother paused and looked troubled. Then she went to some drawers and searched them carefully.

"I do n't believe there is a cent in the house, Anna. How are we to get the medicine?" she at length whispered.

The girl's countenance, that had been brighter since the doctor came in, fell, and her eyes were dimmed with tears. She stood thoughtful a moment, and then said, in a low, answering whisper,

"We must have the medicine."

"Yes—yes. But how are we to get it without money?"

"I will beg it, if I can do no better. Where is the prescription? If Mr. Martin will not put it up,



and wait for us to pay him, I will go to Doctor Milnor."

"We must have it, my child. Get it if you possibly can," returned the mother, looking away from her daughter's face.

Anna put on her bonnet, drew her thin shawl about her shoulders, and again went forth into the stormy night. It was some distance to the nearest drug store—only a few dim lights were here and there seen struggling with darkness, and the rain was falling heavily. A sense of fear took, momentarily, possession of her; but a strong anxiety on account of her father, and her desire to get for him the medicine that was to relieve the violence of his present symptoms, quickly dispelled this weakness. She moved on in the direction of the drug store with rapid steps.

"Heh! stop! look here? Where are you going?" cried a man, suddenly, whom she had not before noticed, as he started towards her from the opposite side of the street.

Anna stood instantly still, from fright; her heart ceasing to beat, as if she had suddenly become inanimate. The man continued to advance, and was within a few paces of her, when her heart's returning pulsations sent the blood again throughout her body, and restored self-consciousness. Bounding away like a frightened deer, she was soon beyond the reach of harm, if harm were intended her.

"Will you put this up for me?" she asked, timidly advancing to the counter, on entering the drug store, and presenting the prescription that had been left by Doctor Milnor. There were two or three men sitting by.

The owner of the shop took the small slip of paper from her hand, and ran his eye over it.

"How much will it be?" Anna asked, in a low tone, leaning over the counter.

"A 'bit," was replied.

The compounder of medicines then began to put up the prescription. He had nearly completed it, when Anna, who felt sensibly her embarrassing position, especially as there were others present, bent over the counter again, and said in a faltering voice, but so low that no ear but his took in her words—

"I have no money to pay for the medicine. Won't you trust us for a little while?"

The pestle with which the apothecary was triturating one of the articles in the prescription, dropped from his hand, and he looked into the girl's face with surprise.

"Trust! Humph! Pay to-day and I'll trust you to-morrow." And so saying, he pushed the mortar from him, petulently, and, walking from behind the counter, came around by the stove, and joined the little group who were discussing some grave political question.

Completely driven back into herself by the man's decided manner, Anna turned away and glided from the shop.

"Pretty cool, that!" remarked the apothecary, as the girl closed the door after her.

"What?"

"That young lady brought me a prescription, and when it was half put up, asked if I would n't trust her."

"Ah!"

"Yes. And that is what I call pretty cool."

"I should think it was. You buy your medicines, I suppose?" remarked one, jocosely.

"I do: and pay for them into the bargain."

"What did her prescription call for?" asked a second person.

"An anodyne."

"The girl looked poor. I noticed her as she came in. Who is she?"

"I do n't know, although I have seen her in here occasionally."

"Whose prescription is it?"

"Doctor Milnor's."

"And was intended to allay the pain of some poor suffering creature. I thought you had more of the milk of human kindness in your breast, Martin. You are the last person I should have suspected of refusing a little medicine to the sick."

Martin was a hasty man, but not deliberately unkind. This remark made him sensible that he had done wrong, and he confessed his error. But, it was too late to retrieve it. The applicant had departed.

On leaving the drug store, Anna Gray took a wide circuit to avoid passing the particular place where she had been accosted by a stranger who, to her mind, evidently intended no good. In doing so, she had to pass another drug store. She was about to enter this one, and had her hand upon the door, when she recollected to have left the prescription at Martin's. Nothing now remained but to call again upon Doctor Milnor. Much as her sensitive, and naturally independent feelings shrunk from doing this, love and duty urged her forward. Resolutely she bent her steps in the direction of his office.

The doctor had returned home, and was again enjoying the society of his family, when the servant opened the door and announced another call.

"You must not go out again. Indeed you must not!" said Mrs. Milnor.

The doctor smiled, and then arose and went into his office.

"Why, what is the matter, my good girl?" he said, in surprise, seeing that it was Anna Gray again.

"Is your father worse?"

"No sir. But—"

"But what, child? Speak out. What more can I do for you?"

"We have no money to get the medicine." This was said with an effort and a burning cheek.

"Why did n't you say so when I was at your house? I would have sent it to you."

"Mother did n't like to do so. But I knew you would let us have it, and so I have come to you again."

"Certainly, I will, child. There, sit down, until I prepare it for you."

And the doctor took down his bottles and in a few minutes had the medicine ready.

"Have you really no money at all?" he said, as he put it in the hands of the girl.

"Not now," she said, with an evident wish to avoid being closely questioned.

"Do you expect to receive a supply soon?" pursued the doctor.

"Yes—no—when father gets better, he can earn something, and then we will pay you."

"Do n't talk about paying me," returned Doctor Milnor, a good deal moved. "But if you have no money, now, how are you going to live?"

"We do n't want much, and we've still got a little flour and meat in the house. Father will be better soon, I hope, and mother and I will take in sewing."

"Have you ever taken in sewing, as you call it?"

"O yes. But we hav'n't been here a great while. And we do n't yet know any body from whom we can obtain it."

Doctor Milnor thought a moment, and then said—

"Run home quickly and give your father that medicine. In the morning I will call in again."

Thanking the kind physician with a mute, but expressive look, Anna turned away and left his office.

## CHAPTER VII.

"HAVE you got it?" eagerly asked the mother of Anna, as she came in after an absence of over half an hour.

"Yes. Here it is. Martin refused to trust me, and I had to go to Doctor Milnor."

Mrs. Gray waited to hear no more, but took the medicine quickly from her daughter's hand, and hurried with it up to the chamber of her sick husband. As she did so, Anna heard her father's deep sounding, convulsive cough, that to her ear was more than ever distressing.

After one of the powders had been given the sick man seemed to feel some relief. Before half an hour had passed he was sleeping quietly.

"Now Anna, do you go to bed, dear," said Mrs. Gray, "I will set up with your father to-night."

"No, mother: you were up the whole of last night, and hav'n't lain down once to-day. You must go to bed and let me sit up. I can do it very well. The doctor said that he would sleep well after the medicine. Oh; I hope he will be a great deal better in the morning. I am sure he will, for the medicine acted so quickly."

Her mother was by no means so sanguine; for she understood that it was nothing more than an anodyne that her husband had taken. But she did not wish to destroy the lively hope that had sprung up in her daughter's mind, and therefore said nothing to the contrary.

Earnestly urged by Anna, she at length consented to lie down, though without taking off her clothes. Overwearied by long watching, and from want of natural rest and sleep, Mrs. Gray soon fell into a deep slumber, and Anna was left the only conscious being in that sick chamber. At first an indescribable feeling of loneliness stole over her. There was a pause in nature. Even her own heart's pulsations seemed hushed into rest. This feeling passed away

after a time, as her thoughts became more active. These not being pleasant, she took up a book, and sought forgetfulness of herself in its pages. For several hours she read, with only the interruptions occasioned by the utterance of a heavy groan now and then, that struggled up from the breast of the sleeping invalid. At last, even these were intermitted, and her father slept more quietly.

About one o'clock, she laid aside her book. It had ceased longer to interest her. Rising from her chair, she took the lamp, and going to the bed upon which her father slept, held it so that the light would fall clearly on his face. Its expression caused her to start, and sent the blood flowing back upon her heart.

But, she recovered herself in a moment. He was breathing easily—nay, as gently as a sleeping infant. Turning from the bed side, she replaced the lamp, shading it so that its light would not fall upon the sick man's face, and then retired to a chair in the shadow of the room. The storm had increased instead of abating with the progress of the night. It rushed and roared along the streets, and drove against the frail tenement which they occupied, with a force that made it shake to the foundation. None will wonder that the young watcher, now that her mind had ceased to be occupied as it had been during the former part of the night, should feel a dark, superstitious, and undefinable fear stealing over it. Every deeper sigh of the storm, every mysterious moan of the wind, every strange sound by night made audible, fell with a chilling sensation upon her heart. At last she arose, and went to the bed upon which her mother lay sleeping soundly, and crouched down close beside her. Here she reclined for nearly an hour, until sleep began to steal over her senses.

A moaning sound startled her just as she had become unconscious of external things. Rising to her feet, she stood bewildered for a moment. The sound came to her ear again. It was from her father. Stepping quickly to the bed upon which he lay, she bent over him anxiously. He still slept; and still breathed easily—but every few minutes moaned as if in pain.

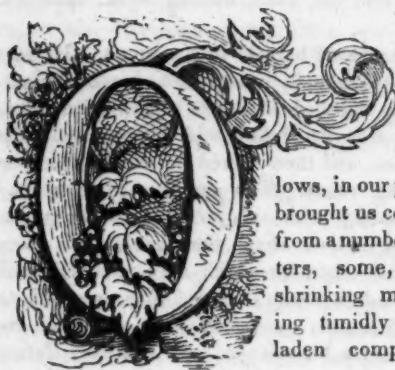
Sighing heavily, she turned away, and again shrunk near to her mother. But she felt no more inclination to sleep. Superstitious thoughts were again thrown into her mind. She felt as if some fearful vision would every moment rise up, and drive her mad. Images of more real things, after awhile, impressed her imagination. These were taking new forms every moment, when a deeper groan from her father again startled her. In a little while a strange distinct rattle thrilled her ear, causing her to spring to his bed side with a quivering heart.

Her father lay motionless. She bent her ear down, but felt no breath upon her cheek. Turning to the light, she removed the object that shaded it from the bed, and then glided back. One look sufficed. Death's angel had set his seal upon the sick man's face. A long wailing cry filled the chamber, and the poor girl fell senseless upon the couch that supported her father's corpse.

(To be continued.)



## EDITOR'S TABLE.



OUR COUNTRY  
IS TEEMING  
WITH YOUNG  
GENIUS." —

This sentence, with what follows, in our prospectus, has brought us communications from a number of young writers, some, with worth's shrinking modesty, offering timidly their thought-laden compositions, and

others claiming our attention on the score of being the veritable young geniuses to which we have alluded. With one or two exceptions, we have not found in the productions of the latter class any evidence of real merit. Some of them write smoothly, and can rhyme words with a good deal of facility, but scarcely a single one has given evidence of possessing the power to go up into the higher regions of his own mind, and bring down thence new, and true, and beautiful ideas. Things stored in the external memory are merely re-arranged, and presented in forms slightly modified, or clothed in some new and badly fitting garments.

But, in the productions of the other class, there is a heart-warmth that communicates itself at once, and a freshness of thought and an original force of language, rough though it may sometimes be, that charms and elevates, and causes the reader to forget himself, the writer, and all but the images that have been called up in his own mind. As face answereth to face in water, so with these, heart answereth to heart. We welcome all such with a hearty good will. We offer them the right hand of fellowship; we open our pages to them, and say, "Let your light shine," for it will be as a lamp to the feet of thousands.

And this brings us to what we wish particularly to say. It is this:—True genius, or to speak more correctly, one who possesses true genius; that is, has the ability to see in his own mind new and abstract truths, and the power to bring them forth to view, is always modest. He is the last one to discover that he is a remarkable man. Those who think themselves geniuses, see only reflected images resting on the mirror of self-esteem. But the man of true genius has no such mirror obstructing his way into the higher regions of his thoughts, where the world of mind (or the spiritual world, in which alone all ideas exist) is resting, and pressing for admittance

to the world of nature. He it is, alone, who becomes a messenger of new revelations from this world of mind; and he is humble in his mission, for he is deeply conscious, that he is acting only as a medium of truth to the lower world of nature. If, weak man, he should become vain, he will lose his power. Self esteem will obstruct his way to the source of truth, and in that, as a mirror, he will see reflected what is below him, and weakly imagine that he is still looking into that world where had been revealed to him such wonderful things.

Here we see the cause why vain men are never original thinkers,—but only the reproducers, in modified forms, of other men's ideas;—and why even original thinkers lose their power when they begin to imagine that they are in reality the wonderful geniuses that the world declares them to be.

"But why should this take from them their power? Is not their mental organization still the same?—their intellectual difference from other men a radical one?" some may ask. We can give but one reason in reply, and we believe it to be the true reason. Let all who feel like rejecting it, think well before they do so. We answer the question thus:

Man is a creature and, as such, cannot have life in himself, but is only a spiritually organized being, with a form receptive of life. The appearance to himself is, that he has life in himself; but, that this is only an appearance, any reflecting mind can easily see. If, then, he have not life in himself, he cannot originate ideas, for, how can a being who receives his very life from a higher Being, originate anything. He can remodel what is given to him, and reproduce it in various seemingly new forms, but he must, first, have the material with which to work. The truth, then is, that men of original minds, so called, do not as before intimated, really originate ideas, but only have the faculty above other men, given for specific uses in the world, of perceiving them in the more interior regions of their minds, where the spiritual world, in which are all ideas, acts upon the sensorium. Now, to be able to go up into this high or interior region, man's mind should be in just order. He should not think of himself as anything more than a recipient of life, for that turns his eyes downward, and thus inverts his mind; because in so doing he really believes that he has life in himself, and that ideas are innate. With such a false notion ruling in his mind, how can he approach the source of truth? While puffed up with pride and self consequence, in the vain imagination that what has been given to him has been created by him, how can he again come near, in thought, that Being



in whom alone are all truths, and who can only communicate new truths to such as are willing to receive them?—But he is not willing to *receive* them, because he believes that he has the power to *create* them.

All this may not be clear to some minds. We are conscious of not having made it as clear in expression as it is in our own thoughts. Still, our view may be vaguely seen, and if calmly reflected upon, will be seen more and more clearly, and its great importance as a practical doctrine felt.

Taking this standard, it is not hard to determine where true genius lies. Observation, as well as theory, proves, that we rarely if ever find it in those who think they possess it, while in the shrinking and over modest we often discover the rarest mental excellences and the highest endowments.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.—In our January number we mentioned in terms of commendation a new weekly paper that had been started in our city (it has now reached its twenty-fourth number), called "*The American Woman*," published by Mrs. Probasco, 119 North Fourth St. and edited by ladies; and at the same time spoke of what seemed to us a severity in the tone of some of its articles that alluded more particularly to the existing state of things in the literary world,—that is, the American literary world. We did not object to the *truth* of the allegations made—we fear they are, in the main, too true—but only to the fact of their being made by our fair friends, from whom we never like to hear the harsh tones of censure. Perhaps we were a little hypercritical in this; but no matter,—we are glad that our remarks have been taken in a good spirit; and in order that full justice may be done all around, we copy the following reply of the American Woman.

AMERICAN WOMAN—ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of Arthur's Magazine did not reach us until within a few days, indeed, not until after we had received that of February. It is a good number, contains two beautiful engravings and much interesting matter, set in a most beautiful typography. Amongst a variety, we find a notice of ourselves, which we do not hesitate to transfer to our columns, notwithstanding the strictures upon some of our editorials, for which Mr. Arthur bespeaks from us a pardon. It must appear evident to all, that our editorials are from different pens, and display different tones of feeling and various ability for composition. But the writer of this is not aware of any one editorial, that is liable to the objection which Mr. Arthur gently insinuates against us. We commend his independence, and think the better of him for the freedom with which he has remarked upon our paper. At the same time, we would have preferred that he had designated those articles to the spirit of which, he so delicately takes exception. Our editorials, most of them, are the productions of the moment, as the editresses have engagements of such a character as to preclude them from that devotion to the paper which ought to be given to it. We have, therefore, generally written in great haste, and in earnest;—and having been taught, in our youth, that perspicuity was the first great requisite of good writing, we have endeavored to make ourselves understood. When we had any thing to say, we spoke right out. Testing our literature by what we deemed sound canons of criticism, we found it a *baby* literature and we thus denominated it. Our men we found writing like little misses, and we told

them so. Their writings were chaffy, of the passions, which destroy and enfeeble, and not of the understanding which illumines, preserves, and ennobles, and we expressed our opinion to that effect. The age appeared to us to be a selfish, sensual age, and whilst we announced our convictions of that fact, we have steadily and constantly referred to and enforced the mighty fundamental principles, which in the end, will revolutionize and chasten it. In a word, whether we have spoken of literature, politics, religion, or of the social or civil state, we have endeavored always to speak forth the "words of truth and soberness," and to embody, in our brief editorials, a saving, conservative and ennobling principle. If Mr. Arthur, or any one else, will point out to us in our editorials a false fact or a principle philosophically, morally or religiously unsound, we will deem it our highest duty, at once, to renounce it. Nor have we been inattentive to the tone or spirit of our articles. Aware that it is this which influences, we have ever endeavored to pervade our sheet with the spirit which lifts up. But, it may be, that our feelings have been so revolted by the weak effeminacy around us, that we have been driven unconsciously into the opposite extreme.

The real truth, we think, is expressed in the closing sentence. And that covers all the objections we intended to make. Our readers will see from the above, that the "*American Woman*" has about it a spice of independence, with tact, taste, and ability. And who can object to these? For one, we should like to see the talent now at work on that unpretending little sheet, have a wider scope. We should like to see the "*American Woman*" with broader wings, floating over the length and breadth of our land. American women every where should take it and read it. The price per year is only one dollar.

HOME POEMS, BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.—A very modest little book, with this modest title has been laid on our table. In introducing himself to the public, the author says:—"In ushering into the world this little book, I ask for it no favor which it may not deserve. It is not the offspring of an imagination nursed amid the wild and the wonderful of nature, nor of a mind moulded in the haunts of classic life. It has sprung up amid the noise of the great city, the toils of the life-task; and if it should possess any merit, it is that of the wild plant that shoots up from the city's roofs, unnurtured save by the showers of heaven. Thus I send it forth. It remains for others to cultivate and encourage the simple plant. If they do so, it may yet give forth a sweeter fragrance than the hot-bed flowers that bask in fortune's sunshine. If they do not, let it fructify alone!"

The book is made up of two well written poems, one called "*Massachusetts*," delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, July 4, 1842, and the other, "*The Nations*," delivered before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, at Bromfield Church, July 4, 1843—besides a number of shorter pieces. The two larger poems contain many striking and beautiful passages. We make a single extract from "*Massachusetts*," descriptive of a scene that all will recognise:—

"On the foamy wave,—  
Now sinking in the gulf that seems her grave,  
Now rising on the billows chill and dark,—

Lo! tremblingly careens a sea-worn bark;  
 The breakers dash around her; on her lee  
 The cliffs uprear their forms; the dashing sea  
 Each moment threatens wreck; and sable night,  
 And stormy skies, and all the forms that fright  
 The soul of man, are round her;—yet she rides  
 In safety—proudly stems the whirling tides;—  
 Till moored at last within the sheltering bay,  
 Her weary crew behold the welcome day.  
 The laboring boat thro' stormy billows cleaves,  
 Where, on the beetling Rock, the surge upheaves;  
 And, springing lightly on the yielding sod,  
 They consecrate the soil to Freedom and to God.  
 High hearts were there—the aged and the young;  
 Around the gray-haired sire the infant clung;  
 The lofty form of manhood, and the fair  
 And shrinking maiden—all were clustered there!  
 And there was ONE,—the noblest one, where all  
 Were noble,—she who left her father's hall,  
 To dare the terrors of the untrod wild  
 With him, the chosen of her undefiled  
 And trusting heart. And there, in faith and love,  
 They stood—that noble band—until, above  
 The breakers' roar, the tempest's din, the song  
 Of Freedom's gladness burst, and rolled along  
 The arching skies,—till hill, and vale, and plain,  
 And every forest-aisle, gave back an answering  
 strain."

Among the minor pieces are a number that show the author to possess a fine vein of poetry. We marked several, but have room only for the following:—

#### EVENING.

EVENING has come! the distant hills grow dim  
 In lengthened shadows, and the vesper-hymn  
 Of flute-voiced warblers falls upon mine ear  
 In thrilling melody;—yet, lingering here,  
 I meditate. The setting sun's last ray  
 Falls mildly-brilliant over wood and stream;  
 'T is gone! but mark the day-god's golden way.  
 Heavens! can Italia's boasted sunsets beam  
 With richer glories? All the western sky  
 Seems lit by flame! with living fire each cloud  
 Is tipped! the glorious brilliancy  
 Of Iris shines in all, and lights the proud,  
 Majestic city's domes that rise below,—  
 Till spire and turret high with equal splendor glow.

#### SONNET.

##### AFTER A THUNDER-STORM.

SOFT blows the freshen'd air! the gloomy clouds  
 That hung above the misty mount are breaking;  
 The birds are bursting from their leafy shrouds,  
 And hill and vale with minstrelsy are waking,  
 With gushing rivulets sweet music making.  
 Earth breathes again! for she has cast away  
 The nightmare Tempest, and in sunlight basks,  
 To drink its warmth, while kindly Nature tasks  
 Her art, to bring, beneath her gentle sway,  
 Our late-complaining souls to smile in gladness.  
 Thus, gladd'ning every bosom with his rays,  
 And bidding every tongue to shout his praise,  
 And drying Nature's tear-drops in his blaze,  
 The happy sun can wake mankind from sadness.

There is much more of the genuine stuff of which a true poet is made, in Mr. Duganne, than is pos-

sessed by many that we could name, who happen to be favorites in certain quarters, and are thus made the subjects of an undeserved reputation. But let him not be ambitious of fame. He has faults that must be corrected—thoughts that need maturing—and perceptions that must grow clearer, before he will be appreciated, and his productions loved by men and women of taste, who read poetry for *itself*, and not for the sake of the author. We say *loved*—yes, this is the only true standard by which poetic excellence should be determined. Poetry must be loved so entirely, that its author becomes, for the time, forgotten—and no poetry ever lives that is not the product of a man who has, while writing it, *forgotten himself*. If he thinks of himself, the reader will think of him, and, at the same time, think, perhaps, that the production is very good for the author. But what *true poet* is ambitious to be so read?

LOVERS AND HUSBANDS, a *Story of Married Life*.  
 By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

This little volume is the second in a series of three practical stories on the subject of marriage, of which "Sweethearts and Wives," was the first. Like that, the object is to present right views on the subject, in order, that all who enter its holy bonds, may secure the happiness that should ever be found therein.

MARRIED AND SINGLE: or *Marriage and Celibacy Contrasted, in a Series of Domestic Pictures*.  
 By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

This volume completes the series just mentioned. Like the preceding ones, its aim is to give true principles, and also to show, in a series of domestic pictures drawn from real life, how marriage elevates, purifies and refines the mind, while *voluntary* celibacy debases it—that is, celibacy maintained from views opposed to marriage.

A number of works, in pamphlet editions, are on our table, but we cannot find room for notices of them this month. One of these, the proceedings of the court in the trial of *Bishop Onderdonk*, of New York, is a disgrace to all concerned in its publication. Why were reporters employed to write down the disgusting details and cross-examinations with a view to their being given to the public, except that money might be made by a sale of the copyright? Again, we repeat, that the fact and manner of this whole publication is deeply disgraceful to all concerned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Alvina, or the Fright," we will endeavor to make room for, soon. Its great length has prevented our publishing it before this. We thank the author of "Truth and Integrity," and "Ye are Going," for his contributions. They shall have a place next month. The following articles will not suit us. "He Survived not His Kindred," "The Overthrow of Jerusalem," and "The Dying Hymn of a Blind Girl."

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Drawn by H. Scott.

Engraved by H. Gilman.

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E. Ferret & Co. Publishers Hall 101 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.









C. S. Hartman sculp. 1846

*Niagara Falls*

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